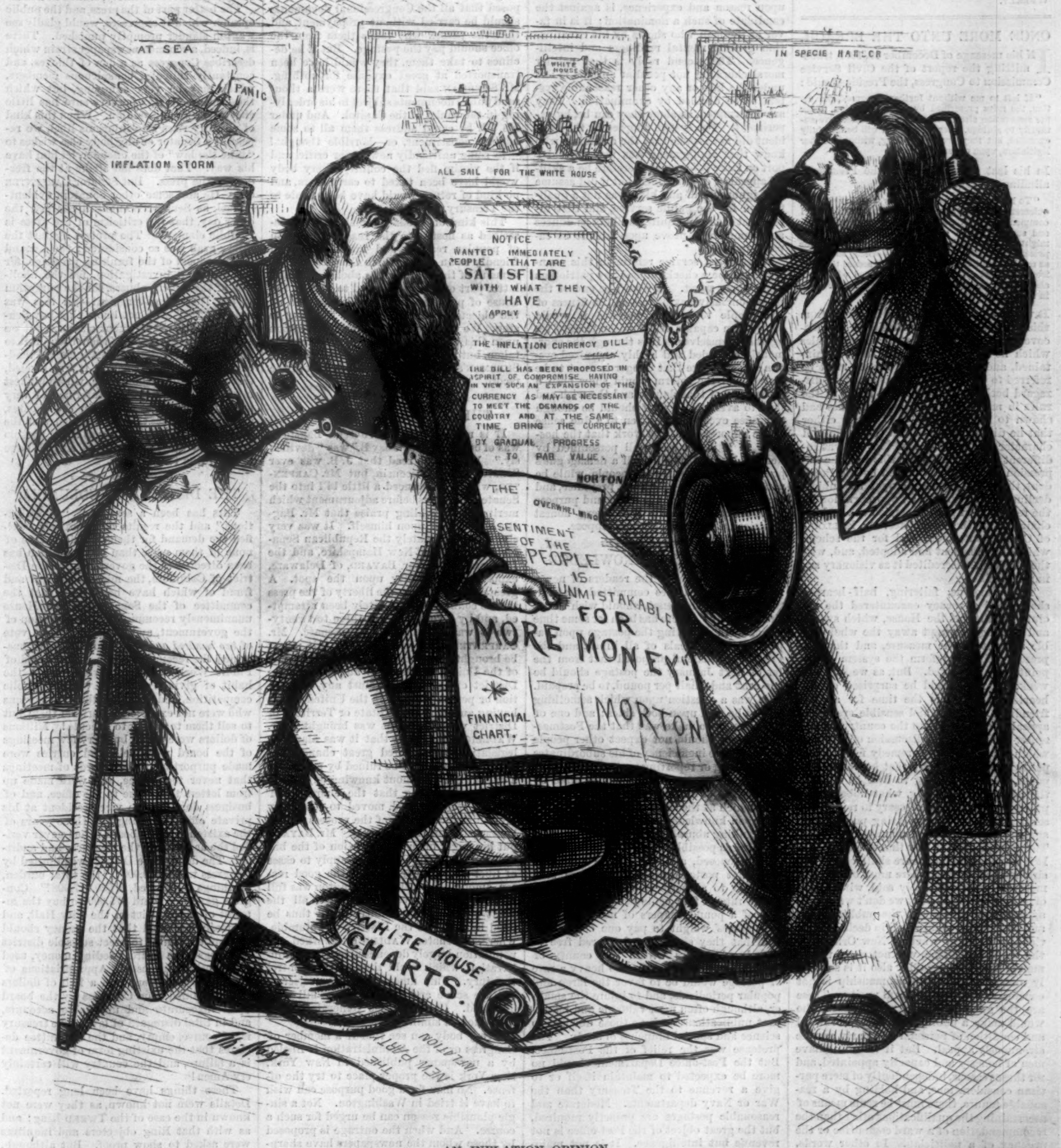
Gene Poe

HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XVIII.—No. 914.] NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1874. [WITH A SUPPLEMENT. PRICE TEN CENTS.

Entered according to Act of Congress, in the Year 1874, by Harper & Brothers, in the Office of the Librarian of Congress, at Washington.


AT SEA
PANIC
INFLATION STORM
WHITE HOUSE
ALL SAIL FOR THE WHITE HOUSE
IN SPECIE HARBOR
NOTICE
WANTED IMMEDIATELY PEOPLE THAT ARE SATISFIED WITH WHAT THEY HAVE
APPLY
THE INFLATION CURRENCY BILL
THE BILL HAS BEEN PROPOSED IN SPIRIT OF COMPROMISE HAVING IN VIEW SUCH AN EXPANSION OF THE CURRENCY AS MAY BE NECESSARY TO MEET THE DEMANDS OF THE COUNTRY AND AT THE SAME TIME BRING THE CURRENCY BY GRADUAL PROGRESS TO PAR VALUE.
MORTON
"THE OVERWHELMING SENTIMENT OF THE PEOPLE IS UNMISTAKABLE FOR MORE MONEY".
MORTON
FINANCIAL CHART.
WHITE HOUSE CHARTS.
THE NEW PARTY
INFLATION
Th. Nast

AN INFLATION OPINION.

Captain Logan Cuttle (*tapping upon his head, to hint to her that the brain of Bunsby was hard at it*). "A man of mind, and a man as can give an opinion. Being a man of science, which is the mother of inwention, and knows no law."

J. Morton Bunsby. "My name's Jack (M.) Bunsby—and what I says I stands to. Whereby, why not? What odds? Can any man say otherwise? No. Awast, then!"

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, AND BAZAR.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, or HARPER'S BAZAR will be sent for one year to any Subscriber in the United States, POSTAGE PREPAID, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

HARPER'S WEEKLY.

SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1874.

☞ *With this Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY *is sent out gratuitously a very interesting*

ILLUSTRATED SUPPLEMENT,

containing an account of a recent experiment in the "Transfusion of Blood," with a full-page engraving, and other literary and pictorial attractions.

An illustrated SUPPLEMENT *will be issued gratuitously with the next Number of* HARPER'S WEEKLY.

ONCE MORE UNTO THE BREACH.

IN his message of December 19, 1871, transmitting the report of the Civil Service Commission to Congress, the President said:

> "If left to me without further Congressional action, the rules prescribed by the Commission, under the reservation already mentioned [the Executive authority to abridge, alter, or amend], will be faithfully executed, but they are not binding, without further legislation, upon my successors."

In his last annual Message the President, alluding to this subject, said:

> "To have any rules effective, they must have the acquiescence of Congress as well as the Executive. I commend, therefore, the subject to your attention, and suggest that a special committee of Congress might confer with the Civil Service Board during the present session for the purpose of devising such rules as can be maintained, and which will secure the services of honest and capable officials, and which will also protect them in a degree of independence while in office."

It was the fair and necessary inference from this statement that the President had discovered by experience that the original rules which he had adopted could not be maintained, and that the whole subject must be referred to Congress, while his apparent disregard both of the spirit and letter of the rules in many important appointments had shown to the members of Congress either that he did not comprehend the scope and character of the reform or that he was indifferent to it. And while this was the impression necessarily produced by the President, the House committee upon the subject declined to recommend an appropriation for the reform as at present carried on; and the chairman of the committee, Mr. KELLOGG, of Connecticut, apologized for the scheme which the President had adopted, and, with the President, discredited it as visionary and impracticable.

This timorous, faltering, half-hearted, shamefaced advocacy encountered the resolute hostility of the House, which swiftly and thoroughly swept away the whole feeble support of the measure, and thus the present effort to reform the system of appointments has failed. But, as we said last week, nobody should be surprised or disheartened. Now is the time for all the friends of an honest and sensible system to appeal from Congress to the country, and to renew with vigor the discussion of a reform which promises a surer remedy for existing political evils than any that has been proposed. The first thing to bear in mind is the absurdity of saying, what nobody disputes, that all that is necessary to reform the service is that the appointing power shall appoint only honest and competent persons. The very question is how that shall be done. It is not enough that there shall be the desire and the purpose, there must be also the method. It is constantly said, with an air of profound wisdom, that we don't want pedagogues and scholars in the public offices, and that ability to do a sum in decimal fractions, or to know whether New Orleans is the capital of Maine, will not show that a man is honest or capable; also it is solemnly alleged that legible penmanship is not conclusive evidence of moral purity. These are the great truths to which those who would make a public clerkship the reward and condition of personal and party service strenuously appeal. But if we are to have men of honesty and capacity appointed, and for those reasons, independently of mere partisan considerations, and holding by a reasonable tenure, there must be some means of ascertaining the qualifications other than the recommendation of a ward committee or the urgency of a politician. In other words, there must be some reasonably independent system of inquiry and probation. Without that there can be no reform of the civil service; and to demand honesty and capacity, while sneering at the methods of ascertaining them, is merely to sink in the mire and implore Hercules to help you out.

The methods may, indeed, be very inadequate. Those, for instance, which the President adopted may have been totally defective. But some means must be provided. To hope that Presidents and Secretaries and Collectors will be virtuous, and appoint only virtuous subordinates, may be wise, but it is wiser to make it difficult to appoint vicious subordinates. It was very touching in Holland to hope that the sea would not rise too high, but it was good Dutch sense to build dikes and keep the water out. During the last three years the question has been incessantly asked how a competitive examination can show whether a man has that aptness and faculty and honesty which so many positions require, and the question has seemed a conclusive objection to many innocent persons. But there are two conclusive answers to it. The first is a retort: how can aptness, faculty, and honesty be ascertained by the recommendation of a ward committee, or by the pressure of a member of Congress who has personal reasons for the appointment? The presumption, based upon reason and experience, is against the candidate of such a nomination; it is in favor of the man who shows by his examination general mental readiness and intelligence. The second reply is that neither moral character nor peculiar aptness is left under the late or any other reasonable system to be decided by examination. They are determined, as alone they can be, by experiment. The system adopted by the President did not assume that the candidate who knew that Madagascar was not the chief port on Lake Erie would therefore be a skillful appraiser of Irish linen, but it did assume that ignorance of any kind was not a qualification for the public service, and that intelligent men were quite as likely as dunces and bummers to prove upon trial to be capable men.

A true civil service reform in this country would be a check imposed by patriotism upon party spirit. It would be one of the most conclusive evidences of the fitness of the people to govern, because it would show them capable of defending themselves against themselves. It is through the enormously extended and highly organized system of patronage that danger is most to be feared, and the reform would show both a perception of that danger and the wish and skill to avert it. And it should be enough to arouse every good citizen to a due sense of the importance of the work that the hostility to it is led and well personified by General BUTLER, who has all a demagogue's profound contempt for the people, while he panders to popular ignorance, prejudice, and passion, representing the spirit and purpose in American politics which every honest American should instinctively oppose.

A NEW TAX ON KNOWLEDGE.

WHAT offense have the readers of newspapers and magazines committed, that Mr. SHERMAN and the Senate should wish to tax them heavily? There has been for some time difficulty in collecting the postage upon papers and periodicals of all kinds, and the Postmaster-General proposed that from the 1st of next January the postage should be one cent and a half per pound, to be prepaid. This was a question upon which something was to be said upon both sides; and one of the remarks to make was that the Postmaster-General should not expect other people to pay for the inefficiency of his subordinates in collecting or reporting postage. But this suggestion was put wholly out of mind by Mr. SHERMAN's bill, toward the end of the session, which at the same time levied a heavy tax upon knowledge and partially restored the franking abuse, thus combining as much mischief as possible.

He proposed, and the Senate sustained him, that postage upon newspapers sent regularly to subscribers should be prepaid at the rate of four cents per pound or fraction of a pound; papers of not more than two ounces' weight to pay one cent each; and that they should be delivered free to actual subscribers within the county of publication. The result of so heavy a rate of postage would be to favor the large and popular periodicals, and to injure the smaller, although often most valuable and important publications, such as those devoted to science and special branches of study. The pretense was the relief of the Post-office. But the Post-office Department should no more be expected to maintain itself or to give a revenue to the Treasury than the War or Navy departments. Moderate and reasonable postages are properly required, but the great object of the Post-office is not revenue but intelligence. It is not maintained as a business, but as a public convenience, and the more moderate rates are not only the most useful for that purpose, but for the revenue also, as the experience of low letter postage here and in England shows.

But Mr. SHERMAN was not content with impolicy, he also provided for injustice. His bill was to take effect immediately. Now a large part of the postage on periodicals for the year has been already paid either by subscribers or by publishers, and the result of an immediate enforcement of the bill would have been to impose double payment. Moreover, subscribers and publishers should have time to consider and arrange about paying the new tax; and to enforce it peremptorily and immediately would have been grossly unfair to both. As Mr. SHERMAN proposed a tax upon knowledge, there should have been time given for discussion and for ascertaining public opinion; and, above all, some kind of reason should have been offered for such legislation, for which even the Postmaster-General had not asked, and which levied rates far beyond those he has suggested.

Having thus made knowledge more difficult, Mr. SHERMAN proceeded to make franking easy. He loaded with heavy postage the reading that the country desires, and permitted what few or none want to read to go unpaid through the mails. He proposed that all the Congressional documents should be carried without prepayment, and that the person who takes them from the office should pay the postage. But if he declines to take them, they would have been transported at great expense for nothing. Mr. SHERMAN said that there were a thousand public documents subject to his order lying in the vaults of the Capitol. And under his bill he could address them all to some hapless constituent, or—horrible thought!—to some unfriendly newspaper critic, and if the victim fled the country, every body would have been taxed to carry them, and no kind of return would have been made to the Treasury.

This kind of legislation may be truly described as hostile to the ready circulation of popular reading and intelligence, and friendly to an abuse which Congress, at the demand of the country, has abolished. The latter part of it was intended to protect the abuse of publication, which it was one of the objects of the abolition of franking to stop. We go to press before the final action upon this extraordinary proposition can be taken, but whatever the result may be, Mr. SHERMAN's discreditable effort is part of the record.

THE HONORABLE JOEY B.

IT is recorded that Mr. Joseph Bagstock was of opinion that "Joey B." was "devilish sly." We do not read that J. B. was ever Senator from Wisconsin, but Mr. CARPENTER, who is, introduced a little bill into the Senate a few days before adjournment which merits the chuckling praise that Mr. Bagstock bestowed upon himself. It was very sly. But fortunately the Republican Senator WADLEIGH, of New Hampshire, and the Democratic Senator BAYARD, of Delaware, exposed its enormity upon the spot. A greater outrage upon the liberty of the press in this country has not lately been attempted, and by a vote of thirty-three to twenty-two it was sustained by the Senate. Mr. CARPENTER's bill provided that suit might be brought in any circuit or Territorial court of the United States, or in any court of the District of Columbia, against any corporation or person resident in the United States having an agent in the State or Territory or District where the suit was brought. Mr. WADLEIGH truly said that it was alarming legislation, and offered great chances for fraud; a man might be ruined by process in a distant State without knowing of it. Mr. CARPENTER, finding that the character of the bill was detected, moved to amend by providing that a copy of the process should be served upon the principal. Mr. BAYARD put his finger upon the intention of the bill by moving that it should not apply to cases of libel and slander, and for the good reason, among others, that Washington was full of newspaper correspondents, and all the great papers in the country could thus be tried by proxy in the District of Columbia, where, as Senator WADLEIGH remarked, the population largely depends upon the Administration, which could thus readily control the jury. This amendment was rejected, but the scope and purport of the bill were disclosed. In the House General BUTLER introduced a similar bill.

Every body can see that if a member of Congress or of the Administration is libeled by a newspaper published in New York, New York is the proper place to try the offense. No man for a good purpose can wish to have it tried in Washington. Not a single plausible reason can be urged for such a course. And when the outrage is proposed by those whom the newspapers have sharply and sometimes unjustly and maliciously attacked, their motives must necessarily be suspected. That abuse and slander and detestable insinuation and the grossest falsehood about public men are sent from Washington and published in the newspapers is a familiar fact to any one who reads them regularly and carefully; and it is proper that the law should provide a remedy for those who do not care to submit to the publication of lies injurious to their character or business. But it is indispensable that the remedy shall not be worse than the mischief; and it is much better that a newspaper should be allowed to decry the character of a Senator than that a Senator should have power to try the editor in a distant place and before a jury presumptively prejudiced. If Senator CARPENTER is familiar with the history of the few last years in the State of New York, he may recall a bill passed by TWEED's Legislature in the high days of the Tammany Ring, which substantially authorized CARDOZO and BARNARD and M'CUNN to decide that criticism of the Ring was contempt of court, and peremptorily to punish accordingly. The animus of his bill was very similar. It apparently contemplated revenge, and could have had no other effect than to silence that free and bold criticism of which the Senate of the United States, like every legislative assembly, stands in need.

The better part of the press, and the public opinion which it expresses, would gladly see wanton slander promptly punished. There is, indeed, a common newspaper strain which describes Congress as a den of thieves, and constantly ridicules conspicuous members, which may be very annoying, but which those members may be very sure has little effect upon public opinion. When this kind of ribaldry rises into injurious libel, we repeat, if a Senator or any body else wishes to "take the law" of the offender, let him have his way. That does not strike at the freedom of the press. But Senator CARPENTER did. He and some other Senators evidently feel, as Senator WADLEIGH charged the other day, that the criticism of the press is "public clamor." The protest against the salary grab was so considered; the demand for the repeal of the franking privilege, for the SANBORN investigation, for the abolition of the moiety abuses, for the purgation of the District government—all this was "clamor." We do not know that any Senator called it "impertinent clamor," but we are very sure that some of them thought it to be so. And Senator CARPENTER's bill tended to silence such clamor. It was leveled, therefore, against the people, whose highest interest it is that they be informed of very much that does not appear in the debates, and which enables them to read between the lines of the *Record*, and it was a bill that no Senator of the United States should have been willing to introduce.

THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

THIS has been a season of "investigations," and the results have entirely justified the demand for them. This is true of none of them more than of that which has been directed to the government of the District of Columbia, the mismanagement and fraud of which have been such that the committee of the Senate and the House unanimously recommended the abolition of the government, and the House, by a vote of *two hundred and sixteen* to *twenty-two*, sustained the recommendation. The Board of Public Works of the District was in the habit of giving contracts without public competition, and awarded them to persons who were not expected to perform them, but to sell them to others to execute! Millions of dollars were spent, but very few meetings of the board were held, and entries were made purporting to be records of meetings that never took place, and were made up from letters that came to the office, and of business done by the vice-president at his private office! During the three years of the existence of the board it has never verified the accounts of the treasurer and auditor! The debt of the District was limited by Congress to $10,000,000; "the total burden, all things considered, is $20,917,008!" Congress gave the board $75,000 to buy the interest of the District in the City Hall, and expressly provided that the money should be applied "only" to erect suitable district buildings; the board, needing money, used it for other purposes! Appropriations of nearly three millions and a half of dollars were obtained from Congress by the board upon inaccurate and unreliable accounts, and in total disregard of law. The treasury is, of course, empty, and the committee declares that the existing form of government is a failure, and the country will certainly cry Amen!

These things have been long reported. Details were not known, as they were not known in the case of the TWEED Ring; and as with that Ring objectors and inquirers were asked to show proof. But although, of course, the facts could not be known until just such an investigation as this had taken place, the scandal of the Washington Ring and of the Board of Public Works was notorious; and it was for that reason that we described the nomination of the "boss" by the President to be Governor of the District as a nomination that ought not to be made, and which discredited the Administration. The only presumption in its favor was that the President had reason to believe the reports to be untrue. But the unanimous report of the committee and the summary action of the House show them to have been true.

The President is left, therefore, in the unfortunate position of having nominated a man whom the country knew to lie under very serious suspicion of "loose" management, in the words of the committee, if not worse, and whom he must have known to be so suspected. It was easy for him to have made inquiries; and had he done so, with the intention of finding the truth, he must inevitably have learned some of the facts which the committee has ascertained. But later, when very damaging facts had been disclosed, the President peremptorily removed Mr. Cluss, the engineer, and one of the witnesses against the Ring, although his testimony was in substance corroborated. And still later, when all the facts had been collected and were known, facts convicting the Board of Works of such misconduct that Congress immediately abolished the whole District system, the President especially honors by a private invitation the person who was the head of the board which misappropriated the money granted by Congress, and discharged its trust in so "loose" a manner as to be condemned by the committee. What must be the effect of such things upon the officers of the government? What standard of conduct do such facts erect? How are public fidelity and honesty and economy helped by them? How is the Administration or the Republican party strengthened? Must we expect to see the late head of the District government appointed to some other honorable and responsible position?

MISTAKEN ZEAL FOR MOIETIES.

The Senators who attempted to retain some of the worst abuses of the moiety system, which the House so promptly abolished, may be very sure that they have powerfully aided a free trade party pure and simple. They have done what they could to make the Custom-house, which is already disliked, very thoroughly, however wrongfully, detested, as representing an organization of outrage and oppression. The abolition of moieties and the regulation of salaries are most important measures, most reformatory measures, because they tend to restrict the Custom-house to the discharge of its legitimate duties, and to cut off the supplies by which it is enabled to discharge its illegitimate duties. We mean precisely this: that when the customs officers and various Treasury agents and informers receive immense sums of money from the Treasury under iniquitous laws, they are expected to contribute largely to the expenses of elections; and when customs officers have large sums of money to spend, and hundreds of offices to distribute, they can often secure the nomination of such candidates as they prefer, who, if elected, will become their political accomplices. The result of the whole is that the influence, or clique, or ring, known as the Custom-house, instead of attending exclusively to the collection of foreign revenue, which is its legitimate business, interests itself chiefly in controlling political nominations and elections, and dictating to the people how they shall vote.

It is evident that whatever sincere feeling there may have been, that without some kind of Jayne system the revenues of the government would seriously suffer, yet very much of the nagging opposition in the Senate to the House bill sprang from the wish to save as much of this illegitimate resource of the Custom-house as possible. The real but unmentioned question seemed to be, how shall the money be raised for election expenses if this can not be saved? But more helpful than any money saved in this way would be the cordial sympathy and support of the great mercantile class, which has so firmly and forcibly demanded the repeal of the moiety law, and which sees who has resisted the demand, and upon what grounds. The investigations of the winter, the startling exposures of the Jayne performances, have produced a public opinion which requires the abolition of the whole system. To have swept it away promptly, leaving all proper safeguards, would have been an act as advantageous to the party as the repeal of the salary grab. To hesitate and boggle, and to try to save some of the rewards of spies, with an eye to the party treasury, was a foolish blunder. The bill, as finally agreed upon in the conference, abolishes many of the most offensive abuses, and is another of the good works of this Congress. And to General Butler's *post-mortem* plea for the life of this infamous system Mr. Ellis H. Roberts made a conclusive answer in saying that by the general's own admission the Treasury under the guardianship of spies and informers and suborned clerks and organized treachery did not receive more than sixty-seven per cent. of the *ad valorem* duties, and that it was high time to change the system. We must add that poor General Butler was utterly overwhelmed by the replies which his plea for Jayne and the spies evoked.

THE CHARLIER INSTITUTE.

Twenty-two years ago a young Frenchman, son of a Protestant clergyman, landed in New York with thirty-six dollars in his pocket and a few letters of introduction. Among them was one to the late Mayor Harper, who said to him, "Young man, in this country we are all busy, and we all help ourselves. Use my name for a reference, if you wish, and go ahead!" The young man was not used to such a strain; but it seemed to him wise, and he followed the advice. A year or two later he opened a school with seven scholars; and this year he held his Commencement in one of the finest school buildings in the country, fronting upon Central Park, and erected at a cost of more than four hundred thousand dollars—part of the result of his helping himself, according to the Mayor's advice. The young Frenchman was M. Elie Charlier, whose school now enters upon a new era of most merited prosperity, and who announced, with all the warmth of a Huguenot, in his address at the Commencement, that so long as it was his school, its corner-stone would be the Christian Bible.

OCCASIONAL PAPERS FROM EUROPE.

No. XVIII.

The waves broke into white spray over the pier at Dover, and scarcely had our inconvenient ferry-boat plunged into the centre of the storm when universal consternation sat on every countenance. Strong men and fair women yielded to the common doom. Cæsar and Constantine, William the Conqueror or William of Orange, must have fared no better. Yet, happily for England, the turbid waves of the Channel have sheltered it from the arms of conquerors and the rage of priests, and for many a generation its thoughtful and progressive people have been suffered to pursue their checkered way toward a higher humanity unimpeded by Continental chivalry and superstition. But for the narrow strait and the sea-girt cliffs it is easy to conceive that Mill, Locke, and Milton must have clamored for liberty in vain, and that the politics of the English race might have been determined by the Holy College of Rome and the military usurpers of Paris. From the misty and clouded scenery of the Saxon island one glides after a brief pang into the sunnier skies of France. There is a sudden change in the landscape. The fields stretch out fenceless, and apparently undivided, to the horizon. Women seem to perform the chief labor. They are seen every where cultivating their narrow strips of land. Sometimes the father, mother, and a group of children work cheerfully together. The French peasantry own their little farms, and cultivate them with an affectionate assiduity. Since the first Revolution the French territory has been gradually subdivided into an immense number of small holdings: it is estimated that there are seven millions of landed proprietors. The feudal restrictions that still embarrass the politics of England have been swept away in France, and the farming class are no longer serfs. The small farms are cultivated with extraordinary neatness and success; not a weed nor a pebble is seen on the narrow strips of land that stretch away on all sides. France very nearly produces its own food, and the industry and frugality of its farmers might well form the sure foundations of a prosperous nation. They have no doubt already contributed largely to its latent wealth, and enabled it to bear with apparent ease the fatal burdens that have been laid upon it by the follies and the crimes of an imperial ruler.

But, unhappily for the welfare of its people, education has never reached the cultivators of the soil. The taxes they have paid so readily have never been expended in providing them with books and school-houses. They labor on with little more intelligence than their cattle and their sheep. That public instruction which has made Germany the centre of European progress has been starved and stinted in France by chivalry and by superstition. The priests have uniformly opposed the spread of knowledge. The ruling classes have wasted the national resources in useless wars and imperial extravagance. If the farming class of France were as carefully educated as they are prudent and industrious, they might create a nation more prosperous and happy than even the fair and fabulous pictures that are presented in their national histories of the days of St. Louis or of Henry IV. If they were instructed in the proper duties of freemen, they would drive from power forever the marshals, the nobles, and the priests who have so long preyed upon the suffering realm. But as yet all the ills of barbarous misrule fall upon the tillers of the soil. They pay enormous taxes; their sons are torn away by a rigid conscription to waste their lives in dissipation or perish on the battle-field. Their wives and their daughters are forced to labor in the fields. Their homes are wretched thatched hovels; their food scanty and insufficient. Knowledge has not kept pace with universal suffrage, and the rulers of France are once more eager to awaken the mad passions of warfare, and drive the vast throng of their industrious and meritorious countrymen to a fatal and deadly controversy with their fellow-workmen across the Rhine. Foiled and beaten in one project of conquest and of robbery, they have no wiser scheme than to begin another.

Fair as an exhalation, Paris springs out of the fertile plain. There is an air of transitory glitter and gayety hovering over its long array of pale yellow buildings, its triumphal arches inscribed with the names of victories that were to end in humiliating disaster, its palaces that are already ruins. Gardens and groves stretch along the well-guarded Seine. The charms of nature are invoked to aid the triumphs of art. The streets are clothed with flowers, and every where one catches the gleam of rich azaleas blossoming in the shops of the boulevards, and of lilacs and pansies heaped up in the markets of the Madeleine. The paths of the Tuileries glow with beds of varied blossoms. One wanders on the Champs Élysées through fountains bursting up amidst parterres bright with fresh spring flowers, and useless garlands wither ceaselessly around the statue of Joan of Arc. But the sword gleams out every where. Paris teems with incentives to barbarous war. Across the Seine the golden dome of the most costly of earthly tombs enshrines the poor remains of the most remorseless and most worthless of conquerors. At one end of the fair Elysian Fields rises the Arch of Triumph, covered with the records of hideous massacres, and from its portal leads on the Boulevard of the Grand Army that seems to indicate the conquest of mankind. The Comanche and the Sioux are not more vain of their martial deeds than have been the rulers of France. One almost misses from the Arch of Triumph a garland of scalps. Yet, looking down from its stately and useless splendor along the bright avenues of blossoming trees and sparkling fountains, one sees at the end of the vista a worn and shattered ruin. It is the palace of the kings and emperors of France. The birds make their nests in the chambers of the Tuileries, the storms beat in upon the shattered walls where Louis XIV. gave law to Europe; whence Louis XVI. fled guiltless to the scaffold; where the first Napoleon usurped the throne of the Capets; where the third corrupted the manners of his age, and taught profligacy and shameless vice to Europe and America. Almost ghost-like amidst the thoughtless city, the solemn ruin teaches its lesson of penitence and of reform in vain.

Moloch was not more bent upon warfare than are apparently the rulers of France. Paris swarms with soldiers and priests. Troops of cavalry dash up the Champs Élysées incessantly. The cafés and boulevards on mild evenings are filled with officers and men wasting their leisure moments in idle dissipation. On the parade grounds of the Invalides and the Champ de Mars platoons of soldiers are in constant exercise. It is reported that one hundred thousand men are gathered at Versailles, and that there is scarcely a town or village in the provinces where a regiment of the youth and manhood of France are not found practicing the most useless and the most destructive of human arts. At the plow, these myriads of men might restore the wealth and prosperity of their country. In the school-house or the factory, they might have learned humanity and self-respect. But as soldiers they serve only to waste the poor resources of their own country, to spread pauperism, to destroy public morality, and to enforce upon Germany and Italy the necessary preparations for self-defense. The soldier is comfortably clad at the cost of the nation, while thousands shiver half clothed in the chill streets of Paris, and women and children perish in desolate garrets and hovels uncared for and forgotten. The soldier wastes the money of the nation in haunts of dissipation, while hungry crowds clamor around the soup-kitchens, and starvation reigns in all the cities and villages of France. The sums wasted upon its armies might reform and regenerate the country, would plant a school-house in every hamlet, and provide the honest and faithful farming class with those means of self-improvement which are alone needed to raise them high in the ranks of civilization.

Of all European nations France has the least need of a numerous army, has the most imperative want of public instruction. It has no enemy to fear except the ignorance of its own people. Neither Germany, Italy, England, nor Austria would venture or desire without provocation to assail the compact dominions of the French. A united and homogeneous race, they possess within their well-defined frontiers all the elements of national progress. Their land is fertile and productive beyond example. Their manufactures find a ready sale in all the markets of the world. Their commerce, in defiance of political dissensions and ceaseless discouragements, brings annually a rich return. Their exports far exceed their imports. The mineral resources of the country have yet been only partly explored, and recent observation has shown that vast beds of metals and of coal are probably hidden within its borders. In the madness of its military aspirations all its real advantages have been neglected. The wars which its priests have fomented and its marshals conducted have left the land without proper communications, the people without knowledge, the public morals contaminated to an extraordinary degree. In Paris vice is not only tolerated, but preferred to virtue. In most countries the vicious at least seek to hide their faults; in France they flaunt them before the world. In France ambitious leaders plunge into wild dissipation, and then pine in desperation for the battle-field; duelists and bravos contend for political power, and to hide their peculations and their plunder rush madly into disastrous war. A Cassagnac lifts his blood-stained hand against Gambetta, and threatens death to honest republicans; and princes and priests would once more fill the streets of Paris with the ensanguined strife of warring factions. There seems, indeed, to rest over the hapless realm a cloud of moral decay such as that which foretold the ruin of Rome, or which preceded its own first revolution.

Yet there is still hope for France. Already the persistence of its agricultural and industrial classes in their devotion to republican principles shows that the light of knowledge is penetrating into regions where it has heretofore been rigorously excluded. The priests are no longer able to persuade the farmers to join the party of reaction. The conspiracy to recall the Bourbons has failed. Neither Orleanists nor Legitimists have any wide support among the rural classes. The people are evidently prepared for a higher and purer policy. Wise and thoughtful leaders may yet arise who will teach their country its true interests, who will inculcate a moral and political reform, who will plant the school-house in every commune, and rescue their countrymen from the hands of their betrayers.

Eugene Lawrence.

DOMESTIC INTELLIGENCE.

The closing week of the late session of Congress was a busy one. The most important bills acted upon were the following: The bill to amend the customs revenue laws and to repeal moieties was reported by the Senate conference committee on the 16th June, and agreed to by both Houses on the 18th.—The House Tariff Bill, with amendments, was reported by the Senate Finance Committee on the 17th. Among the amendments was one striking off the tax on the sale of coin, bonds, and other securities.—The House, on the 15th, voted to abolish the Civil Service Commission, making it the duty of the heads of departments to examine applicants as to honesty, efficiency, and fidelity as the tests of fitness, and giving preference in appointments to soldiers and sailors and their relatives.—The House passed a bill on the 16th relating to ocean telegraphs. It is general in its terms, does not affect existing rights, and assumes no exclusive authority in Congress. It gives equal powers to all companies.—The House conference committee on the new Bankruptcy Bill made a report on the 15th, which was agreed to. The bill remains substantially as it was when it passed the Senate, excepting the section relating to voluntary bankruptcy, which provides that a voluntary bankrupt shall be discharged upon the payment of thirty per centum of his indebtedness, with the consent of one-fourth of the number of creditors, representing one-third the value of indebtedness.—On the 16th a bill was passed by the House providing that delegates from the Territories must be at least twenty-five years of age, residents of the Territories, and for seven years citizens of the United States. No person guilty of bigamy or polygamy is to be eligible, but this rule is simply prospective, and does not apply to sitting delegates.—The House on the 16th, and the Senate on the day following, passed a bill repealing all revenue taxes on savings-banks having no capital stock, and doing business solely for the benefit of depositors.—The Senate, on the 15th, disagreed to the House amendments to the Geneva Award Bill, and a committee of conference was appointed. The House appointed a similar committee the next day.—The House, on the 17th, voted to authorize the President to negotiate with all civilized powers for the establishment of an international system of arbitration for the adjustment of matters of dispute between governments without recourse to war.—The committee of conference on the Finance Bill came to an agreement on the 18th, making the report of the former committee the basis of their action. The Senate agreed to the report on the 19th.—The House, on the 18th, agreed to the conference report on the Legislative Appropriation Bill, amounting to $21,000,000.—The House, on the 19th, voted to fix the rates of postage after January 1, 1875, on papers published weekly or oftener one and a half cents per pound, and on papers published less often than once a week three cents per pound.

An accident occurred on the 17th on the Carolina Central Railroad, near Wilmington, North Carolina, by which several persons were killed.

The horse thieves are catching it in the Indian Territory. A vigilance committee has been formed to drive them from the country. Up to latest dates six of the thieves had been lynched.

The corner-stone of a monument to the Confederate dead was laid at Savannah, Georgia, on the 16th.

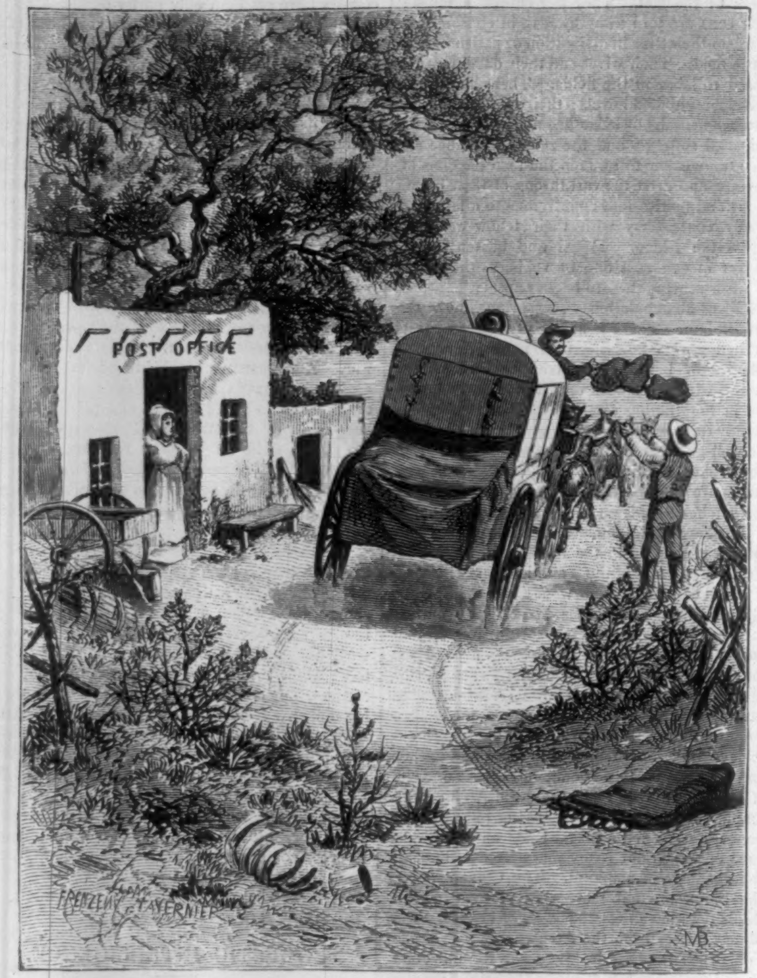
FOREIGN NEWS.

The French Assembly sessions during the week were full of excitement. On the 15th the Constitutional Bill was introduced, and a motion to consider it urgent was carried by 345 to 341. On the following day the Committee of Thirty was instructed either to organize the Septennate without proclaiming the republic or to constitute and declare the definitive republic under the Presidency of M'Mahon. On the 18th an amendment to the Municipal Organization Bill was adopted which completes the defeat of the measure. The amendment in effect maintains the existing system of municipal elections, striking out the clauses which provide for minority representation by cumulative voting. It was adopted by a vote of 579 to 34, which caused great surprise. The withdrawal of the bill was announced. M. Lucien Brun notified the Committee of Thirty that the Legitimists intended to again introduce a motion for the restoration of the monarchy.

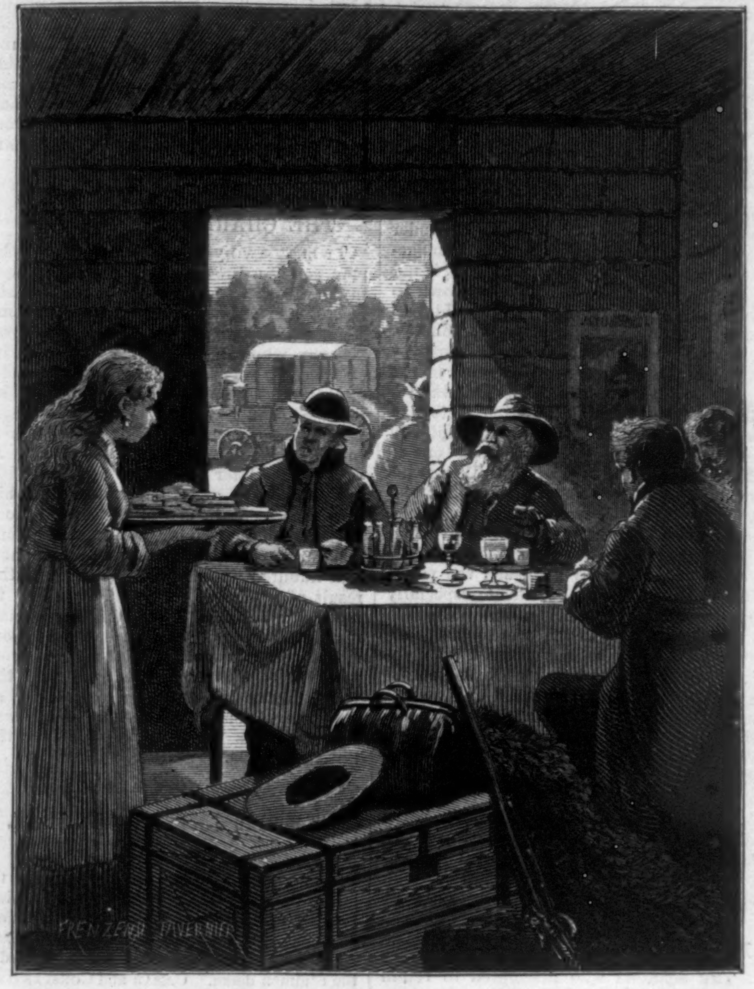
Jules Janin, the French author, died on the 19th, aged seventy years.

The twenty-eighth anniversary of the Pope's accession to the pontifical throne was celebrated at the Vatican on the 17th.

The Indian famine still continues. The British government is furnishing food to 3,500,000 of the natives.



THROWING OUT THE MAIL.



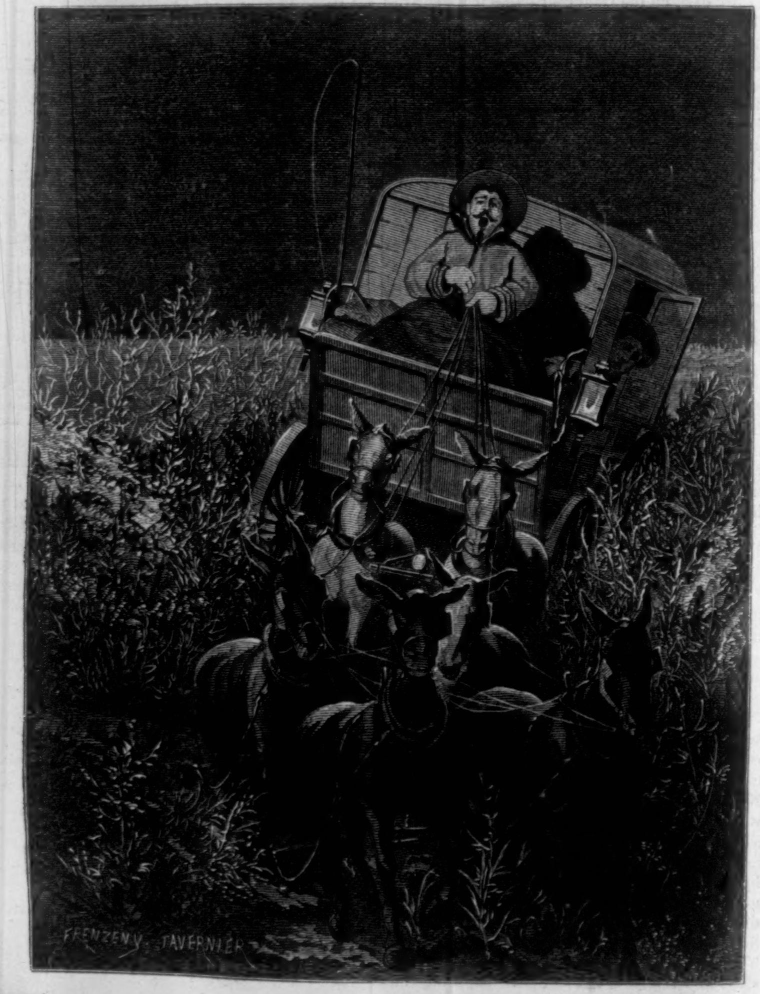
TAKING THE MORNING "SLUMGULLION."

STAGING IN THE FAR WEST.

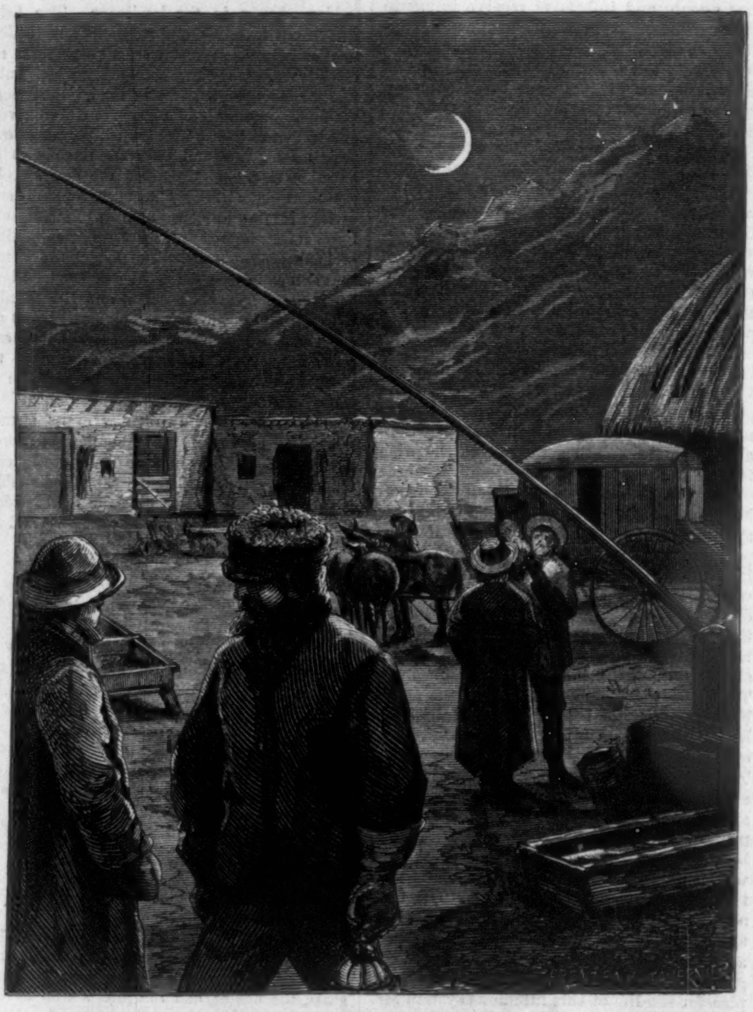
IN the Eastern States the old-fashioned stage-coach is remembered as a thing of the past, except in a few regions where the railroads have not sent out their spreading arms; but in the far West it may be called the advance-guard of invading civilization. Lines beginning at each railroad terminus lead to Arizona, New Mexico, Texas, Wyoming, Montana, and other remote regions, and to one who is unaccustomed to staging, this primitive mode of travel presents many surprising novelties. It must be confessed that it is not altogether an enjoyable way of making a journey; but, on the whole, its pleasures and excitements more than counterbalance its inconveniences and discomforts.

The sketches on this page illustrate some of the incidents with which the traveler will meet on any one of these long stage journeys across the plains. No. 1 shows a lonely post-office station, away out on the prairie. When there are no passengers to set down or take up, the driver throws out the mail-bag, dextrously catches the one tossed up to him by the station-master, and whirls on without stopping, and scarcely checking the speed of his team. No. 2 shows the interior of a "home station," where the stage stops for breakfast, and the weary passengers regale themselves on pork and beans, corn bread, and the traditional "slumgullion," which is the far Western name for tea. No. 3 shows a stage-driver calling for a relay of fresh mules. The station is perhaps nearly a mile distant, but the watchful hostlers hear the warning whoops a long way off, and when the stage rattles up they are ready with the fresh team. The change is expeditiously made, and in two or three minutes the stage is on its way again. In No. 4 we have the yard, or corral, at a home station, where the animals are kept in readiness for the stages as they come along, and where the passengers may stop for their meals, and rest from the fatigues of the long ride. It is wearing enough at first, but one soon becomes accustomed to the jolting and rattle of the coach, and is sorry when the journey is over.

With the rapid advance of the great lines of railroads, whose ramifications are extending into every part of our Western territory, it can not be many years before the stage-coach will be superseded, and the traveler will no longer be compelled to jog for days and nights over the rough trails that serve as apologies for roads in those far regions. Over the greater part of the territory now traversed in this way the old excitement of danger from Indians has given place to almost absolute security; but enough remains to give spice to the trip, to say nothing of overturns and breakdowns by the way.



CALLING FOR THE RELAYS.



HOME STATION ON THE PLAINS.

"THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE."

Cancale is a small French fishing town of great antiquity, built on the shore of a large bay, to which it has given its name. It has attained a sad renown from the number of vessels wrecked upon its inhospitable rocky shores. Immense reefs of rock, covered but slightly at low water, jut out in all directions through the bay, and great skill is required to navigate even a small vessel through the devious and narrow channels. For centuries one of the larger islands, a huge mass of rock consecrated to St. Michael, has been the abode of pious monks, whose duty it is to offer prayers incessantly for the safety of the sailors navigating those perilous waters. The island also contains a prison, where political offenders have passed many wretched years.

Like all people whose lives are connected with the sea, the good citizens of Cancale are intensely superstitious. The treacherous waters speak in a thousand voices to their hearts, and all the winds that boom across the rocky bay are filled with omens of disaster. The constant fear that haunts those who remain at home while fathers, sons, brothers, husbands, and lovers are sailing in wretched boats among the dangerous reefs M. Feyer Perrin, a French artist of distinction, has sought to express in the painting from which the accompanying engraving is made. The fisherman's wife stands beside a spring, where she has come for water. Some unusual sound in the wind has caught her ear and excited her imagination, and she listens apprehensively for the repetition of the warning, which she dreads may forebode disaster to those who are on the sea. The painting made a great sensation when it was exhibited at Paris in 1873, and inspired a touching poem by Armand Sylvestre. He described her as listening to the sound of the wind, the sea, and the running streamlet by which she stands. In the distant roar of the sea she hears the voices of the dear ones tossed about on the treacherous waters, the tinkling melody of the stream reminds her of the prattle of little ones at home, while the wind whispers vague alarms. The poet has admirably interpreted the artist's thought.

GYPSY LIFE.

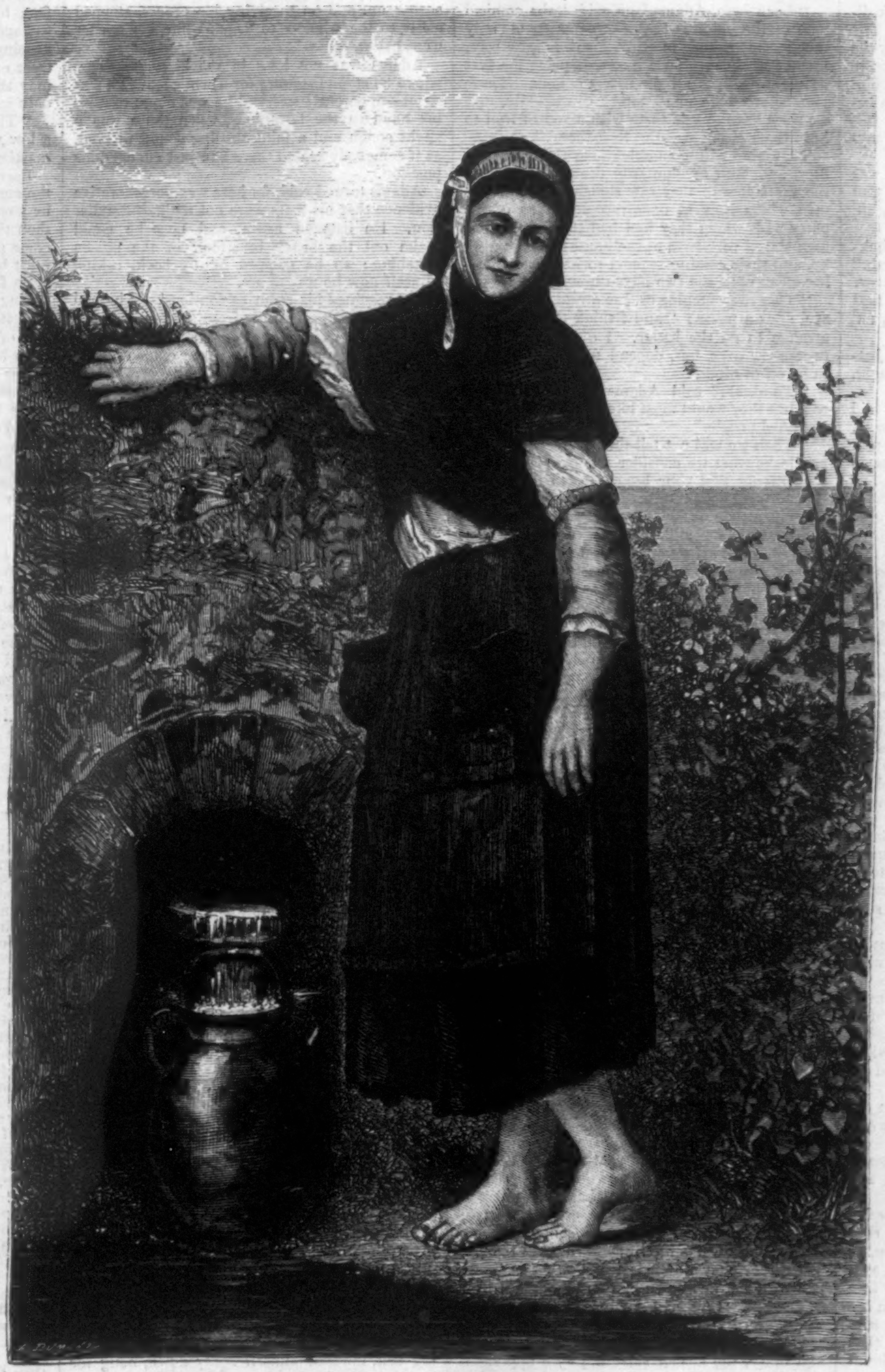
This migratory population is known by the names of Bohemians in France, Zigeuners in Germany, of Gypsies in England, of Gitanos in Spain, of Zingari in Italy. Their origin is involved in mystery. It is supposed, however, that they descend from the Zinganes of Sindy (a caste in India in the neighborhood of the Delta of the Indus), to whom belong the Indians known by the names of Bazigones, Pantchipiri, and Correwas.

Only a few are stationary, having regular habitations according to their situation in life. The greater number of these people wander about in hordes from one district to another, living without faith or form of worship. Their almost incomprehensible dialect seems a mixture of different languages which they have gleaned during their wanderings, and when the curious stranger questions them, they reply that their pilgrimage is not yet finished. A horror of subjection and of labor is the ruling passion of these wandering tribes; they seem always to escape from our civilization, and are still the unpolished creatures that rude nature formed them, or at most have only advanced one degree toward humanity, as is evinced, among other circumstances, by their domestic economy.

In winter the Gypsies of Hungary, Turkey, and other countries dig holes in the ground ten or twelve feet deep, lay rafters across for a roof, and cover with straw and sods. They always contrive when they can to place their dwelling so as to front the rising or mid-day sun, this being the side where an opening is left for a door to go in and out at, which is closed at night with a coarse woolen cloth or a few boards. Should they have a horse or donkey to carry their tents for summer use, a shed is built for the animal at the entrance of the hollow, and closed up with dung and straw. This shed, with a little opening rising above the roof to let out the smoke, is the only mark by which a traveler can distinguish their dwelling. The interior of these Gypsy huts, with air and daylight excluded, full of damp and filth, has more the appearance of a wild beast's lair than the habitation of intelligent beings. There are no separate apartments, only an open space, in the centre of which is the fire, serving both for the purpose of cooking their food and of warming them. Chairs, tables, beds, or bedsteads find no place here; the Gypsies eat and sleep on the bare ground, or, at most, spread an old blanket under them. When the weather is cold, or the snow prevents their opening the door, they make up the fire, and sit around it till they fall asleep, without any more light than it affords.

The furniture and property of this swarthy-featured, aberrant tribe consist of an earthen pot, an iron pan, a jug and knife, and when it so happens that every thing is complete, they sometimes add a dish; this serves for the whole family. If the master of the house is a smith by trade, he has a pair of bellows to blow his fire, a small stone anvil, a pair of tongs, perhaps a couple of hammers; add to these a few old tatters which serve for apparel, his knapsack, some pieces of torn bedclothes, his tent, his antiquated consort, and you have a complete catalogue of a nomadic Gypsy's estate.

Lazy and improvident, having an abhorrence for all kinds of hard work, these people either gain subsistence by begging and thieving, or choose some easy trade, as working in iron. In Hungary it is a proverb, "So many Gypsies, so many smiths." That this occupation has been a favorite one among them from the most distant period is proved by an old record of the Hungarian King Uladislaus, in the year 1496, mentioned by Abbé Pray in his annals, and Fridwaldsky in his mineralogy, wherein it is ordered "that every officer and subject, of whatever rank and condition, do allow to Thomas Polgar, leader of twenty-five tents of wandering Gypsies, free residence every where, and on no account to molest either him or his people, because they had prepared musket-bullets and other military stores for the Bishop Sigismund at Fünfkirchen."



"THE FISHERMAN'S WIFE."

The Gypsies of our time generally confine themselves to making small articles, such as rings, nails, knives, and needles, and mending old pots and kettles, and sometimes they work trifles in tin or brass. They even display dexterity and skill in their work, although their tools and apparatus are of the most inferior kind. But they never think of labor as long as they have a dry crust or any thing else to satisfy their hunger.

Another branch of commerce followed by the Gypsies is horse-dealing. The greater part of them only traffic in blind, worn-out, worthless beasts, and practice the slyest tricks to conceal the animals' defects. In the year 1727 they became so notorious in Sweden that it was taken into consideration in the Diet, and their total expulsion voted to be a necessary measure. It is said that in Suabia and on the Rhine they use the following device to make a horse appear in good condition: the tricksters make an incision in some secret part of the skin, through which they blow the creature up till he looks fleshy and plump, and then apply a strong adhesive plaster to prevent the air coming out again. According to Wolfgang Franz, they sometimes introduce a live eel into this blown-up horse, that the animal may also appear spirited and lively.

To the above trades commonly followed by Gypsies, it may be added that a few are carpenters and turners. The former make watering-pots and chests; the latter turn trenchers, dishes, make spoons and other household furniture.

A fixed aversion to agriculture is characteristic of the Gypsies, who had rather suffer hunger and want than plow the earth to earn an honest livelihood; yet, as there is no general rule without an exception, so there are some in Hungary, besides the slaves to the Bojaro in Moldavia and Wallachia, who are constrained to apply to it, who do it of their own accord.

While the men ply the above-mentioned occupations, the women always endeavor to contribute their share toward the maintenance of the family. Indeed, it was formerly, and is even now, the custom among these wandering pariahs for the wife to maintain the husband. Some deal in old clothes, or make and sell brooms. Others dance as a means of earning something, generally practicing this while begging, or calling in at houses asking charity, while many, as is well known, impose on the credulity of foolish people by telling fortunes or selling pretended amulets and charms.

Many of the Gypsies, both men and women, have shown so great proficiency on the violin as to be employed in the chapels of the nobility, and admired as great masters. Barna Mibaly was an Orpheus of this kind in the county of Zips, Hungary, who distinguished himself about the middle of the eighteenth century in the chapel of the Cardinal Count Ennerick von Cschaky. The cardinal, who was himself a judge of music, had so great a regard for the musician that he caused his portrait to be painted by one of the most celebrated artists of the time. A young Gypsy maiden also became famous as a violinist at fourteen years of age. The richest and most fashionable people in Hungary used to send twenty or thirty miles to engage her services at balls. Others practice vocal music, and make their fortunes, particularly in Spain, by singing.

The Treasure Hunters;

OR,

THE SEARCH FOR THE MOUNTAIN MINE.

By GEORGE MANVILLE FENN,

Author of "Ship Ahoy!"

CHAPTER VII.

CATCHING A TARTAR.

Now it happened that while Frank Adams and his companion had been congratulating themselves upon their escape, and making a compact, those with whom they had come in contact had been making a compact of their own. Heavy blows had been struck, a jaw broken, and wounds given; these latter of a trifling nature, but sufficient to raise in them such a desire for revenge that the givers were marked down, and, though ignorant of the terrible fact, their lives were, in certain quarters of the place, not worth many minutes' purchase.

What was more, their every step had been tracked until they had entered the hotel. Some little time after, a man, whom one of his fellow-citizens would have spoken of as "a very ornery cuss," slowly dawdled into the bar, called for a cigar and a drink, and then went slouching about, behaving much after the fashion of a digger who had made a pile of gold, and had now come to knock it down.

Such visitors were too common to excite comment, and after a drink or two more, the new arrival was wandering about the Frisco caravansary as much at home as any other stranger.

Apparently looking for nothing but his own enjoyment, he was soon after to have been seen, if any one had watched him, slouching along the passage upon which the door of Frank Adams's room opened, and here, as if quite by accident, he stopped short, took a great knife from his pocket, which knife opened out a whole armory of implements, from a tooth-pick to a corkscrew, and having set the gimlet, began boring softly, evidently from a desire to see whether the wood was hard or soft.

He was not a pleasant-looking ruffian, and a discoloration upon one side of his face did not improve his personal appearance; but that was nobody's business but his own, and he kept on boring away very softly, stopping at intervals with his ear close to the panel.

Then he stopped, listened attentively, and the murmur of conversation seemed to have for him a most gratifying effect, for he paused from his work again and again, before taking it up to proceed with any thing like perseverance.

In an ordinary way, to have pierced the thin panel would have been the work of a few seconds, but our friend seemed to enjoy making it a task of many minutes, with rests and refreshings between, as he listened and listened again.

Now about this time Mr. Larry Carey, who had been busy doing nothing, thought he would seek the master and ask for orders.

Larry stepped along jauntily, and whistled *Limerick Races*, for he was in capital spirits: that scrimmage, as he termed it, had warmed his heart, and made him think of old days.

"Ah," he said, "the place is the laste taste betther 'an I thought for, an' it's likely enough I'll git reconciled to it in time; bud— Whoo! what's that?"

He drew back suddenly into an open room, for he had caught sight of the American gentleman busy at work upon the panel of his master's door.

For a moment or two he could hardly believe it; then his mind failed to realize the object, but when he saw the scoundrel's ear placed against the door he read it at once.

A broad grin overspread his features, and dancing back into the room on tiptoe, he moistened his hand, took a fresh grip of his stick, and gave it a triumphant flourish round his head.

After this he drew a long breath, went softly to the door, peeped cautiously round the side, and saw the fellow still turning the gimlet, but now in a reverse way, and the minute after he was stooping down low, with his eye to the aperture he had made.

"Och, bud this is heavenly!" sighed Larry, whose face wore an aspect that seemed to say it had been bathed in bliss; and slipping off his boots, he went quickly on tiptoe down the passage, and with a kick and a blow, delivered simultaneously, he drove the fellow's head right through the frail panel, as we have seen.

"What d'ye mane, ye dhirty avesdhroppin' staler ov people's words, eh?" exclaimed Larry, and he raised his stick for another blow; but with a desperate effort the pilloried man dragged his head out of the fractured wood-work, and darted to the other side of the table, where in an instant he had drawn a revolver, and presented it at Dawson; but as he drew the trigger Larry's stick went whizzing through the air, and striking him full on the arm, destroyed his aim, and the ball went crashing through the partition into the next room.

At the same moment Dawson and Adams sprang forward to seize the scoundrel, but they were too late. With a yell of defiance he dashed to the window, swung himself out, and dropped to the sidewalk—only a matter of a few feet—and was gone.

"That's well rid ov him, yer honor," said Larry, picking up his stick, which he cuddled affectionately to his side. "I think he had rather the worst ov the bargain."

He looked from one to the other, but no one spoke except a waiter and two or three stayers in the hotel, who had been attracted by the noise—rather a common one there, and not always noticed; but finding all was right, they departed.

"I ought to have known better, Adams," said Dawson, who had begun pacing the room with hasty strides. "To think that I should go shouting out my projects for every listener to hear! Well, it is too late now."

"But you mentioned no names of places, even if the fellow did hear," said Adams.

"What of that? If it is as I fear, they will watch us. I feel sure that was one of the rowdies we fought."

"Bedad, an' so it was, Sor. I thought I knowed him before. Here, stop a minit."

Larry ran to the window, but came back directly, rubbing his ear.

"Sure he's gone. Out ov sight intirely he is, or I could have towld him at wanst; for if it was the man I mane, I put me mark on him wid me shtick whin we came together down below there, hours ago."

"He had a mark upon his face; I saw it myself," said Adams.

"Had he, now?" said Larry. "Thin it was mine, an' no doubt ov it. An' now he's got wan on the back ov his head, good luck to him, an' I hope he likes it."

"It's very, very unlucky," said Dawson, shaking his head. "I'm afraid he heard too much."

"Heerd too much, yer honor!" said Larry. "Why, if his head had been full as an egg, that tap I gave him would have driven it all out, an' his sinses wid it."

"The sooner we get away from here the better," said Dawson, after a few moments' thought.

"I'm glad ov it," muttered Larry.

"I'll push on all the preparations I can," said Dawson, "and you must clear off what you have, and be ready for a start at any time. And now another thing, Adams—those women must never leave the place without one of us with them, and I warn you that even then it will be dangerous."

"Are you not magnifying the peril?" said Adams.

"I hope I am," was the reply, "but I fear not. I know this place better than you, and I shall not feel at rest until we have left it fifty miles behind."

A short consultation followed, and then each went to execute the plans decided upon, though little could be done, owing to the lateness of the evening. Still there was something in their future course being decided upon, and the next day Adams had contrived to dispose of the tools and farm seeds he had brought over to a brother emigrant, and, under Dawson's advice, made such purchases as were deemed necessary for the expedition. There was Dawson's paraphernalia, too, to inspect, Larry looking on with a puzzled air, and caressing his chin with one hand, it not being considered desirable to initiate him in the plans that had been decided upon.

Dawson had already bought mules and a tent, with various other camping-out arrangements; and, under his guidance, Adams was soon equipped.

"It would be as well for Larry here to have a revolver and rifle," said Dawson, as they went over their list of necessaries.

"An' is it me ye want to have one ov the murdherin' tools?" said that worthy. "Sure I'd be shootin' meself dead an' somebody else half a dozen times a day. What would I want wid a rifle whin I've got this?" and he flourished his stick.

"I don't know that I am doing right in going," Adams said; "I'm afraid those poor women will feel the journey very much."

"I'll guarantee that it shall be less toilsome than the one you intended," said Dawson; and then they returned to the hotel.

For their arrangements were now all made; and, with a couple of hours' preparation, they could at any time set forth on their journey, as there was nothing to do but load the mules, saddle up, and go, the mules and stores being in a stable about a couple of hundred yards from the hotel, all goings and comings having been conducted with the greatest secrecy. When they went they did so one at a time, and by different routes, meeting at the stable, where Dawson's follower, a tall half-breed who had been accustomed to mules from childhood, always staid in charge of the animals and the burdens they were to carry.

But, in spite of all their care, three days had elapsed before they could think of making a start, during which the intimacy between Dawson and the English family had ripened into a warm friendship, though Mary was always quiet and distant—almost cold.

"I'm thinkin'," said Larry, on the fourth morning, "that there's some divil's game on the way."

"Why? What makes you think that?" said Adams, eagerly.

"Why, Sor, that illigint boy that I caught listenin' is always hangin' about on the watch."

"But you have been careful. He has not seen you round by the stables?"

"No, yer honor. I dodged him, an' took him down among the Chinese wan time, an' up the town another time; for I could see by the twisht ov his eye he was a-spyin' of me. Bud, yer honor, d'ye think that black boy of yours, Ike, is to be thrusted?"

"He's true as steel, Larry," said Dawson, laughing.

"Bud, yer honor, ye sometimes cut yerself wid yer own piece of steel."

"You doubt him, then, Larry?"

"Oh no," said Larry, "divil doubt him a bit; only suppose he was to pison the mules, or sell thim to the inimy?"

"No fear, Larry; but out with it. You don't like the lad?"

"Ah," said Larry, "I don't mind him at all; only whiniver he sees me he rowls his eyes about, an' it's a bad sign."

"A bad sign—and why?"

"Ye should niver thrust any thing that rowls his eyes," said Larry. "We had an owld cow out there at home as used to rowl her eyes horrible, an' whiniver she rowled her eyes she kicked."

"Come now, Larry," said Dawson, laughing, "own it like a man—you don't like Ikey, and you're a bit jealous of him."

"An' is it jealous ov a poor haythen as is half black? Misther Dawson, Sor, I'm ashamed ov ye."

Larry was so indignant that he got up and walked away, while Dawson sat and laughed heartily for a few moments.

"Look here, Adams," he said, "the comical part of the affair is that Ike came to me only this morning, and, in a most mysterious way, warned me against poor Larry, assuring me that he would sell us all for a few dollars. Those two fellows hate one another consumedly, and we shall have to rule them with a rod of iron to keep them in order. But look there!"

They were sitting smoking near the open window, and both involuntarily drew back, for on the far sidewalk they saw slouching along two men whom they at once recognized as of the party with whom they had had the fight. The men stared very hard at the houses as they went by, and their coming seemed to have a depressing effect upon the two adventurers.

"They are watching us, I'm afraid," said Dawson, after a pause; "and I think the sooner we arrange to go the better. I did mean to wait to-morrow over, but, depend upon it, we ought to be off to-night."

"To-night!" said Adams. "Well, perhaps so; but they would most likely get to know from the hotel people."

"Then we will not tell the hotel people. We can leave what we consider fair payment, and a note saying that your boxes are to be kept in the store till your return. Then when all is quiet—say, at one o'clock—we can get round to the stables, or, better still, meet out on the road."

"Very easy, if we are not watched," said Adams; "but if we are?"

"Try and throw them off the scent," was the reply.

Then the arrangements were once more gone over, the plan decided upon, and Dawson went off to where the mules were kept, while Adams prepared his people for the coming journey.

CHAPTER VIII.

AN ESCAPE.

The night came on dark and oppressive, and, as if because the adventurers wished to go off at a certain time, the dwellers at the hotel seemed to be unusually late. Adams sat with open window listening impatiently, and longing for the last light to be extinguished.

The plans were that Dawson and his half-breed were to start with their little mule train about twelve, go by a circuitous route out of the city, and wait at a spot previously picked out about two miles on the road. Here they were to be joined by Adams, his wife and sister, and Larry—a simple enough plan if it would work; but the best-laid plans sometimes fail.

Dawson had been very anxious to stay and help the party leaving the hotel; but it was of such vital consequence that the mules and stores should all be in time that he was reluctantly compelled to give up; and he parted from them that evening to join his aid with spirits depressed and burdened more than he cared to own.

"You look dull, man," said Adams, cheerily, as they parted.

"Sense of responsibility, that's all, old fellow," he replied. "You'll be careful, though, and look out to see that you are not watched. All depends upon our getting well away, I reckon. Then they may do their worst—that is, if we really are marked down by those scoundrels."

Then he set off, and Adams sat watching and waiting for the time.

In about an hour he was joined by his wife and Mary, the former shivering with apprehension, but outwardly very brave; the latter calm, quiet, and self-contained. They were dressed for their journey, and, like two brave women, had no impediments, but a little valise slung over the shoulder, and a thick warm shawl carefully folded tightly, and also slung by a strap.

Their lights had been long extinguished, and they sat silently in one corner of the room, hand clasped in hand, while Adams divided his attention between the window and the door.

Twice over he fancied that he heard footsteps coming lightly along the wide corridor, but they had no existence then, as all became silent in the place; a creaking board would set all hearts beating, or the sighing of the night wind be interpreted into the whispers of conspirators against their plans. The window, though left purposely open, took up most of Adams's attention, for it was from the street that he apprehended danger.

Gazing cautiously out, he again and again fancied that one of the passers-by was a spy, and at such times it seemed to him that their plans had been badly laid, and that they were evidently known to their enemies.

Then, as the man he had marked down resolved himself into some idler taking a final cigar before retiring for the night, he laughed at his fears, and told himself that they were all inventions, that the scoundrels they had encountered had troubled themselves no more, and that all they had to do was to quietly walk out of the place, join their friend, and away to the mountains.

By touching the face of his watch now and then he could tell how the time progressed, and he wondered that it should be so slow. Then he crossed the room to whisper a few words of comfort to the women before once more going to the window, cautiously peering out, and trying to pierce the gloom.

Danger at last! there was no doubt of it now; for just below where he stood were a couple of men whispering together; then one glided away, and the other seemed to take a few steps to the right; but whether he went away or not Adams could not tell.

He stood listening for some time, and then came away, for all remained silent, and he prepared to descend alone first, to see if the way was clear; for the time for starting had arrived.

Larry was lying at full length upon the floor, waiting for his orders, and talking to himself softly, so as to keep awake. At a touch he was sitting up, and on receiving his orders, stepped softly to the window to watch while his master went below.

Adams was not long in reaching the door, where he stood listening for a while; but all was silent—apparently so—and he was about to raise his hand to the fastenings, when there was a slight cough and a faint rustling sound without, as if somebody seated there had just changed his position.

Adams turned cold, for here was corroborative evidence that his fears were not without foundation. He listened again, and now he could make out the heavy breathing of the person watching; so he stepped lightly back, asking himself how he was to act.

He regained his room as cautiously as he had descended, and, refraining from saying any thing to alarm the women, went to Larry's side, for he felt something must be done; they could not give up now that they had gone so far. They were really watched, and they must avoid the spies by some means or another.

He told Larry the state of affairs.

"Ah, thin I'll go an' give him a tap on the head," he said, coolly.

"And alarm the whole place?" said Adams, peevishly.

"Thin we must go some other way," said Larry. "Oh no, look here, yer honor; I'll go out ov the door an' tumble over the dhirty ruffian; thin he'll be up an' afther me, an' I'll lade him a dance half over the town, while you an' the ladies go off. Sure an' I'll join ye as soon as I can."

"Won't do, Larry; we can't leave you behind."

"Lave me behind! That ye jist won't, for I'll be afther ye in two twos."

"My dear fellow," said Adams, "you have no idea of the country. If we parted, the chances are that we should never meet again."

"Oh, go along," said Larry; "it ain't so big as all that, anyhow. Well, thin, look here, yer honor, how will ye do it?"

"I can see no way at present. The door is watched."

"Thin we'll go out ov the windy," said Larry.

"But the window is not five yards from the door."

"He talks as if there was only wan windy in the whole house. Come along, an' thry the wan in the impty room at the ind ov the passage; sure it isn't more 'an tin feet from the ground."

The proposal was too good to be slighted, and after Larry had been first, to see that the way was clear, and the room really empty, the party made their way cautiously there; and they stood together in the dark, while the way to descend was discussed.

As Larry had said, it was not above ten feet to the ground, and, fortunately for the fugitives, the hotel was at a corner, and this window looked out into a narrow way running at right angles to the street. They could then lower themselves down without much risk of the watcher in the doorway hearing their movements.

The plans were soon made: Larry was to descend first, and be ready to take the women in his strong arms, while Adams lowered them, the distance robbing the descent of all ideas of danger.

All was silent below, and as black as ink; so after a few more whispered words of direction, Larry climbed out quickly, for the time was going fast, lowered himself softly down, hung for a moment by his hands, and dropped.

"All right, yer honor," he whispered, after creeping to the corner and looking toward the doorway.

Then came the task to lower Mary, who, however, was strong and active enough to render no light assistance herself, and, after a little rustling of dresses, and the heavy panting of breath, she was hanging from the window, held by the wrists by her brother, Larry taking her in his arms, and she too was safe.

"Now, yer honor," whispered Larry.

Adams's response was to catch his trembling little wife in his arms, lift her gently out, and he was then about to lower her down, when she arrested him by whispering,

"Listen! Did you not hear something?"

Adams stopped for a moment, but only to give an impatient denial. Then, lowering his light burden gently, he let her swing into Larry's arms, and was preparing to descend, when he heard a hasty ejaculation from below. Then there was silence, only broken by the sound of approaching footsteps.

Adams remained where he was, knowing by the silence below that the companions of his flight were crouching up against the wall, so as to avoid notice, and that if he attempted to join them it would only be to betray their whereabouts.

It was an anxious time, and he seemed almost to hear the beating of the hearts below as he leaned out, trying to strain his sight so as to catch a glimpse of the coming danger. One moment he was regretting that he had not joined them; the next he felt that it was quite right that he had staid, knowing as he did that he could join them in an instant.

It seemed long, but it was only a few seconds, before the steps came nearer and nearer. There was a low whispering, and then a voice cried, "Come on, here they are!"

The words were accompanied by a sharp crack and a groan—plain evidence that Larry's stick had come into play. Then with a rapid movement, and grasping a heavy stick in one hand, Adams lowered himself down, to be seized on the instant in a muscular grip, which, taking him as it did at a disadvantage, called for all his powers to keep himself from being taken prisoner.

"Don't shoot, boys," a voice said, in a low husky growl. "Curse that Irishman!"

In the darkness it was hard to tell friend from foe; but while Adams was engaged in a hand-to-hand struggle with two ruffians, Larry was keeping two more at bay, and covering the retreat of the women, but only to find to his dismay that he was in a blind alley, and that the only way of escape was by the front.

"Thin you stop here, me darlin's," he said, in a low whisper. "I'll soon make a way for the masther to come down to us."

Larry was as good as his word, for, assuming the aggressive, he drove back his assailants step by step till he was by the side of Adams, and then the two men felt a kind of chill of despair come upon them, knowing as they did that they must be overcome.

So far Adams had been handling a stick, the feeling being evidently the same on both sides, that it would be unwise to fire, when suddenly one of the ruffians, who had had his head laid open by a blow from Larry's stick, drew his revolver and fired twice in rapid succession, but without either shot taking effect.

As if in answer to the shots there came the sound of feet, and a voice exclaimed, "Are you there, Adams?"

"Yes; help—quick!" was the reply, followed by a cheer and a dash, well supported by an attack made by Larry and his master, with the result that the ruffians, finding themselves taken in front and rear, hesitated for a moment, and then turned and fled.

"Now, quick!" exclaimed Adams; "we have not a moment to lose."

"No; they'll be back directly," replied Dawson—for it was he; and each taking the hand of one of the trembling women, and closely followed by Larry, the fugitives escaped from the narrow lane, and hurried in the direction they believed to be opposite to the one taken by their enemies.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

PERSONAL.

The Rev. Canon Lightfoot, in preaching before the judges in St. Paul's Cathedral, London, on May 23, expressed his belief that when the history of the period came to be written the nineteenth century would be known as "the era of liberation," and that among the foremost and best men of the time would then be recognized the Emperor Alexander II. of Russia, who had emancipated thirty millions of serfs, David Livingstone, the pioneer of African liberty, and Abraham Lincoln, by whose efforts American slavery had now been rendered almost a thing of the past.

—Mr. William Cullen Bryant is to be presented with a beautiful original artistic testimonial from the Century Club, of which he is president, on completing his eightieth year, in November next. It is to be in the form of an original vase of fine workmanship in silver and gold, and to embody in the design the literary life of Mr. Bryant, and to express his relation to American literature and life.

—When John de' Medici, the founder of his house, was on his death-bed, he said to his two sons: "I feel that I have lived the time prescribed me. I die content, leaving you, my sons, in affluence and health, and in such a station that while you follow my example you may *live in your native place honored and respected*." His son Cosmo followed the precept. He became the richest citizen in Europe, and surpassed almost all princes in the munificence with which he patronized literature and the fine arts. In modern times few families in New England have won greater wealth or distinction than the Browns, one of whom, John Carter Brown, has just died in "his native place honored and respected." He was a munificent patron of art and literature, and his library was one of the best in the country on subjects connected with American history. The munificence of the family will be remembered in Rhode Island and in literature so long as Brown University exists.

—It is believed that the oldest clergyman in North America is a Catholic priest now stationed at St. John's Church, Frederick, Maryland—Rev. John M'Elroy. He was ordained by Bishop Carroll sixty years ago, and has spent over half a century in the priesthood. He is now ninety-eight years of age, yet has strength to celebrate mass and assist at the services of the church.

—M. Van de Weyer, whose death, at the age of seventy-two, occurred in London on the 22d of May, was in early life a lawyer and editor in Brussels. In 1830 he took part in the Belgian revolution, and was the first foreign minister of the new kingdom. His wife was an English lady of wealth and position, and both were highly esteemed in the social, literary, and diplomatic life of England.

—Our old friend Santa Anna, of "God-and-Liberty" memory, has just returned to Mexico after eighteen years of banishment. He is now living in the plainest style, an old man, his face full of wrinkles, but still marching pretty erect, in spite of artificial leg. Though approaching eighty, his black though scanty hair and his whole appearance denote a man of sixty. To an old comrade he said, "I have returned to Mexico because my native country has too much attraction for me. Yet I feel as if I had come to a foreign land. Already, at Vera Cruz, when asking for an old friend, I was invariably answered, 'Dead!' I have become a stranger to all parties. I have no ambition. I am astonished at every thing I now see in this country, but I hope yet to find a last resting-place."

—If ever there was an oddity, it was Dr. William Clough, of Pittsfield, Massachusetts, who died a few days since. He rarely took an adequate fee, never asked any pay of the poor, and his house was made of marble boulders which he had taken from the farmers in lieu of fees, while they were cut and laid by the laborers whom he treated. As he grew older his peculiarities grew upon him, and the most striking feature about his practice was his repugnance to receiving any remuneration whatever for his services.

—Asa Whitney, of Philadelphia, is another of Philadelphia's citizens who has enrolled his name high among the benevolent. He has bequeathed $50,000 to the trustees of the Pennsylvania University to endow a professorship of dynamical engineering, $20,000 to the Old Men's Home, $10,000 to St. Luke's Church for a pastor's residence, $2500 for a chapel, and $5000 to the Children's Sea-shore House at Atlantic City.

—"Grace Greenwood" says that Benedict Arnold's money price was £100,000. Not so, says Mr. Winthrop Sargent, who went into that matter, and was assisted by Mr. Bancroft. In his appendix to *The Life and Career of Major André* he says: "By the kindness of Mr. Bancroft I am able to give the precise sum that Arnold received in satisfaction of his alleged losses through his defection. It was £6315, of which he remitted £5000 to London to be invested in stocks, and procured therefrom £7000 of four per cent. consols." According to a statement that was current in 1782, the British government gave to Arnold, for his own life and that of his wife, a pension of £1000.

—The late well-known Councilor Franz Schott, of Mayence, chief director of the celebrated musical society of that city, has left 63,000 florins to be expended for the foundation of a musical school. He also leaves four large buildings at Mayence, which were originally designed for working-men's tenements, to be held by the municipality in trust, and the rents to be appropriated for the benefit of the local poor-schools and theatres.

—Mr. Samuel L. Clemens, sometime known as "Mark Twain," has at last found out his true mission. From idling away his time as a writer he has determined to become an underwriter—one of those practical money-absorbing men for whom Hartford is a sort of hive, so to speak. The cash citizens of Hartford have resolved to beget a new accident insurance company, of which it is surmised that Mr. Clemens (who will be a stockholder) is to be made "Old Prex." He has met with a great many accidents in his day and night generation, and now proposes to go into it as a matter of statistics and income.

—Mr. James Lick, of San Francisco, is unlike any of his predecessors as far back as Adam in this one respect, that before he shuffles off this mortal coil, and while in the enjoyment of sound digestion, he deeds to trustees the whole of his vast property, barring a few trifles to his relations and a modest competence for himself. He does it in this manner: $700,000 to the construction of the largest and best telescope in the world for the observatory at Lake Tahoe, $420,000 for public monuments, $150,000 for public baths in San Francisco, $100,000 for the Old Ladies' Home, $10,000 to the Society for the Protection of Animals, $25,000 to the Ladies' Protection Relief Society, $10,000 to the Mechanics' Library, $25,000 to the Protestant Orphan Asylum, $25,000 to the city of San José for an orphan asylum, $150,000 for the erection of a bronze monument to the author of the *Star-spangled Banner* in Golden Gate Park, $300,000 for the endowment of a school of mechanical arts in California, and the residue in excess of $1,780,000 to the Pioneers' Society. He makes ample provision for his relations, and reserves a homestead and $25,000 per annum for himself.

—Concerning monuments, it is suggested by a witty American authoress that if we are to go on constructing that sort of thing, it would be better to have a variety—something characteristic for each man. Thus, let General Grant have a vast pyramidal pile of captured cannon. Let Mr. Morton have a light, airy-looking structure, without a very solid base, ornamented with graceful bass-reliefs of Loves blowing bubbles, or "little wanton boys that swim on bladders." Let Mr. Jones, "the coming man" of Nevada, have a column built of silver bricks and gold-bearing quartz. Let Mr. Butler have an arch—he has an arch expression. A neat little thing in the way of a Grecian temple would suit Mr. Conkling. Mr. Logan should have an obelisk, inscribed with Arabic characters or Egyptian hieroglyphics—any thing but English; he has such an Oriental look, you know. Mr. Blaine should have a model of the tower of Shinar, in commemoration of the Babel he has presided over so long and well.

—As a matter of interest on the Pacific slope, the San Francisco *Bulletin* mentions that David Stiles is the oldest Mason on the continent. He was initiated in Toronto, Canada, in 1796—seventy-eight years ago, when William Jervis was Grand Master of Canada.

—Here, now, is something that has the ring of the true metal, Sir, in so far as it is denunciatory of a bad play called *Monsieur Alfonse*, recently played in this city and Washington. In the latter place a Kentucky gentleman—you may "know he is a gentleman by a remark he makes"—took himself and his two daughters to see that production of French naughtiness, and he became irate about it—quite so. For observe what he says: "You, Sir, may imagine the shock their innocent minds received. I am aware that the vehemence of my remarks may excite the ire of actors and managers of this most indecent play, but my first duty is to society, of which my family forms a part. I inclose my card, Sir. Before the war, Sir, no man was better known in the South. My father was District Judge of Shelby County, Kentucky, for twenty years, *and the keys of my front-door and my sideboard are always on the outside.* If my name is demanded, you are at perfect liberty to give it. I am prepared to accept all the consequences of my philippic, *under the oaks or in a court of law.*" That is the kind of man he is, and he is quite right in indulging in a free statement of his views about so pestilent a play. That bit about the oak is prime.

RELIGIOUS INTELLIGENCE.

Calendar.

JUNE.

Sunday,	28.—Fourth Sunday after Trinity.
Monday,	29.—St. Peter.

JULY.

Sunday,	5.—Fifth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	12.—Sixth Sunday after Trinity.
Sunday,	19.—Seventh Sunday after Trinity.
Saturday,	25.—St. James.
Sunday,	26.—Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

The first Old Catholic Synod met at Bonn, May 27, and continued in session three days. Fifty-seven lay delegates and twenty-eight clergymen were present. Dr. Döllinger did not attend, but sent a message saying that he was in full accord with the Synod and its reforms. Two papers were read, one by Professor Von Schulte on the present position of the Old Catholic movement, and another by Dr. Reusch on the principles of church reform.

The most important action taken by the Synod was that on auricular confession. The principle was laid down that the "sacrament of penance" is not to be received as absolutely necessary to salvation; confession, therefore, is optional, not obligatory. The direction of the conscience by a priest is disapproved; guidance is to be given through catechetical instruction and preaching. Priests shall not insist on private confession, nor shall they use it "to acquire private information about family matters, or to maintain a priestly influence over penitents."

In these resolutions the Old Catholics attack the key point of the ecclesiastical system of the Church which they have left.

Father Taylor, "the prince of sailor preachers," has been worthily honored by a memorial window in the new Methodist Episcopal Mariners' Bethel of Philadelphia, which was dedicated June 14. The window is the gift of the wife of Captain Chadwick, of the United States Navy. The design on it is a "foul anchor" resting on an open Bible, with the legend, "Father Taylor was anchored to his Bible, and the anchor never dragged." The new church is a beautiful structure of green and drab stone. The dedication-day was made memorable by a gift of $20,000 from Mr. Queen, the publisher of the New York *Clipper*. Mr. Queen had taken a great interest in this enterprise, and had made large advances of cash to the Building Committee. The repayment of these having been secured to him, it was announced at the close of the day that he had contributed the large sum above named. The surprise and gratification of the congregation could hardly be described.

We doubt if the Archbishop of Canterbury will recognize the bill for the "Regulation of Public Worship" as his own progeny by the time it has passed through Parliament. The numerous amendments offered show a great diversity of opinion. The bill is summarized by the London *Guardian* thus: It relates to (1) the fabric, ornaments, furniture, or decorations of the church; (2) the dress of the officiating ministers; (3) the observance of the rubrics in the performance of religious services. Complaint as to these points may be made by a church-warden or three parishioners. If the complaint is entertained by the bishop, he may issue a monition to the offending clergyman, "calling upon him to carry into effect such regulations as he may direct." The incumbent may appeal to the archbishop or to the Queen. If the monition is disobeyed, the clergyman is to be suspended; and if he proves contumacious, he is to be deprived of his living. A petition has been already circulated and numerously signed against uniformity in the performance of divine worship.

The recent Southern Baptist Convention in Jefferson, Texas, was made remarkable by the large attendance of Indian delegates. Of these there were nine Creeks, six Choctaws, and one Seminole; the latter, whose name is John Jumper, is the chief of his tribe. There were reported among the Muskingums forty-six native preachers and 2000 church-members; among the Choctaws ten ministers and 800 members. The amount of missionary contributions for the past year was stated to be $32,770. Strong appeals were made for aid to the Southern Baptist Theological Seminary, which is greatly in need of funds; the sum of $17,000 was contributed in the Convention. The President of Waco University reported that over $32,000 had been raised for it during the year.

The Irish Presbyterian Assembly met this year in Belfast. It represents thirty-five Presbyteries, containing 625 ministers and 553 congregations. The Rev. Mr. M'Gill was elected Moderator. The most important question likely to come before the Assembly is that of church music.

Wednesday, June 17, was the twenty-eighth anniversary of the accession of Pius IX. to the papal throne. The event was duly commemorated by the Roman Catholics of this city, and no doubt throughout the Catholic world. The reign of Pius will be memorable in history; if he should live a few years longer, the schism in the Church will be complete. Neither pilgrimages to shrines nor the zeal of Jesuits can hide the disasters of these twenty-seven years.

The Ultramontanes of Prussia have lost by death their ablest parliamentary leader, Herr Von Mallinckrodt. Though an extreme Romanist, his great power always commanded for him respectful attention. The two conspicuous debaters remaining on that side in the Landtag are Reichensperger and Windthorst.

The aggregate of the contributions to the funds of the religious charitable societies of Great Britain is enormous. We have already reported these in part, but a summary will be valuable. The receipts of the British and Foreign Bible Society for the last year were £220,964; nine foreign missionary societies contributed in the same period £737,967; eight others, £137,882; eighteen home missionary societies, £311,589; nine religious educational societies, £59,220; seven others not classified, £161,985: making a total from fifty-two societies of £1,629,607, or over $8,000,000.

The Council of the British Evangelical Alliance has submitted to its members a proposition to hold the next general Conference of the Christians of all nations in the city of Rome; another proposition has been made to hold the Conference in the city of Jerusalem. The latter suggestion derives its importance from the rapid growth of Protestant Christian missions in the East. It is thought practicable to combine both proposals. They prove, if nothing more, how far-reaching the schemes of Christian labor and Christian association have become in our time.

The Duke of Richmond's Patronage Bill has been considered in both the Scotch Presbyterian Assemblies. In the State Church Assembly the proposal to vest the election of ministers in the communicants of the parishes has been approved by a large majority. The Assembly of the Free Kirk have declared that no act abolishing patronage would remove the grounds for the secession of 1843, and have adopted a resolution in favor of disestablishment. The Sustentation Committee of the Free Church reports the total contributions for 1873 to be £152,112, an increase of £15,789 over the year preceding. It is expected in 1874 that a minimum stipend of £200 for each minister will be reached. The total revenue of this Church during the past year from all sources was £511,000.

The farewell meetings held by Messrs. Moody and Sankey in Glasgow continued through six days; in that time nine meetings were held. The Crystal Palace, the largest place of assembly in Scotland, was crowded to repletion on every occasion. At a young women's meeting 7500 tickets were distributed; the number who sought admission to the Sunday evening meeting was computed at from 15,000 to 30,000. The local journals say "that never before during the present century have so many large and representative meetings been drawn together in Glasgow, during six days, by any cause or interest whatever." From Glasgow Messrs. Moody and Sankey proceeded to Edinburgh, the two assemblies being in session. Here Mr. Moody addressed an open-air meeting of 15,000 persons.

The scandal of the sale of livings in the English establishment grows more and more annoying to many earnest Churchmen. Recently the advowson of St. John the Baptist, Coventry, was put up for sale in the same room and at the same time with the lease of a public-house known as the "Hare and the Hounds." The crowding together of "licensed victualers" and clergymen excited no little comment. It is not unusual in advertising such sales to state the prospect of the early death of present incumbents. An English rector, in a recent sermon against the traffic, states that it extends to 6000 parishes, or nearly half in all England. He adds: "There is nothing really to prevent a joint-stock company of High-Churchmen, Low-Churchmen, Broad-Churchmen, or even Jews, from buying the advowsons and next presentations of more than half of all the livings in England and Wales, and so in one day take steps to secure to themselves and their own views 6600 parishes. Looked at in a spiritual point of view the thing is frightful, abominable, and ridiculous."

HOME AND FOREIGN GOSSIP.

The hydrophobic fever culminates in early summer, and the interest of the community centres on dogs. There is an annual raid upon them; they are required to be muzzled; street boys are encouraged (practically) to steal them by the reward offered for each dog brought to the pound. Some seasons the unfortunate canines which are not redeemed are drowned; some seasons they are suffocated; sometimes dubious experiments are attempted concerning their execution, whereat the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty waxes indignant; and, in short, the dog question becomes a topic of general discussion. "Shall dogs be muzzled in summer-time?" Some say, "By all means;" others assert that the muzzle interferes more or less with the respiratory functions, and increases the tendency to madness. "Does hydrophobia prevail most in summer?" There is a popular impression that it does, but statistics rather prove to the contrary. "What are the first indications of rabies in a dog?" Various symptoms are given in detail by those who have carefully examined the subject; but any morbid or unusual symptoms or restlessness in a dog should be carefully observed, and precautions taken. Most certainly the chief question, namely, "What precautionary measures against hydrophobia are practicable, efficient, and humane?" is of great importance to the whole community, and it is to be hoped that discussion and investigation will lead to wholesome results.

At a recent meeting of the French Academy of Science there was presented a memoir by M. Bourrel on a new method of protection against rabies. He proposes as a preventive measure taking off the edge and points of the twelve permanent incisors and four canine teeth by means of nippers and files. He asserts, and has proved by experiment, that this operation renders the dog virtually incapable of inflicting wounds; there is no subsequent derangement of health; the teeth are no more exposed to caries than they would be naturally; the lips conceal them, and the dog's beauty is unimpaired. In the case of house and pet dogs this operation might be a useful precaution.

Rumor says that the young woman who induced the Russian Grand Duke to purloin his mother's diamonds has them now in her possession in Paris, and is safe from arrest under a French law which rules that a child can not rob his parents. If the Grand Duke has committed no crime, his accomplice is innocent.

The Natural History Department of the Exposition to be held at Cincinnati the coming fall will be an interesting feature. Among other things it will include many specimens of gold and silver ore, all the different kinds of coal, and varieties of minerals. A large and full collection of the gold and silver ores of Utah and California is promised; and the Geological Departments of many of the States are expected to forward State collections, which will indicate the comparative value of the different States as to mineral wealth. All who have an interest in such matters are invited to make this collection more varied and complete. Specimens sent will be returned to the owners, or be taken care of by responsible persons.

It is predicted that the new comet, which has been attracting so much interest of late, will be a conspicuous object in the western sky during the months of July and August. It is now visible nearly all night, and may be seen in the northwestern sky with a good opera-glass, or even by the practiced eye without assistance. It is said that it will be brightest on the evening of August 3, when it will be about five degrees from Denabola, the brightest star in Leo.

A frog, aged 1000 years, in round numbers, was recently found in sub-terrestrial quarters at Sodus, New York. He soon exhibited signs of vitality, and hopped away as lively as he used to do.

Reports come from Charleston, South Carolina, showing that in that city and in other parts of the State evidences of poverty and dilapidation are to be found on every side. The houses are allowed to remain unpainted, unrepaired, and without ordinary improvements. The people admit the bad condition of their property, but state that as soon as they make the least addition or improvement the taxes are so much increased as to become unjustly burdensome.

The graduating class at Yale this year numbers 123 members. The oldest is thirty years of age, the youngest about eighteen. It is stated that forty-eight of these graduates intend to become lawyers.

The Iowa grasshopper has been succeeded by an inch-long red-headed bug, which possesses an amazing appetite.

A bright little fellow twelve years old was recently brought before a city judge, charged with stealing a revolver from the store where he was employed. The magistrate spoke kindly to the boy, and asked him what induced him to steal the pistol. His sobs almost choked his utterance, and it was with difficulty he replied that he did not take the pistol with the intention of keeping it, but to raise money with which to get something to eat for his parents and three smaller children, who had been for nearly three days without food. The seventy-five cents which he obtained on the weapon from a jeweler's clerk on First Avenue he gave to his mother to buy bread with; but he intended to redeem the pistol the next day when his week's wages were paid to him. Such a case is full of sadness.

A University of Modern Languages is to be established at Newburyport, Massachusetts. One of the buildings will be devoted to instruction in the European languages, and another to instruction in Asiatic tongues. It is proposed to have an English department, under a professor who will instruct foreign youths in pure English; and already Brazilians, Cubans, Japanese, Chinese, and Mexicans, belonging to high families in their countries, have made known a desire to attend the institution. Probably a building will be ready by the 1st of September to receive a large number of foreign pupils who are now pursuing their studies at different points in this country.

It is announced that Prospect Park, Niagara Falls, will be thrown open to visitors, without charge, on the order of resident hotel-keepers. It seems not to have been a very good speculation to fence in the view of Niagara Falls.

There is to be a park at the Five Points. Parks are better than prisons, and we do not think they will prove half so expensive. Bad air leads to bad deeds. The more breathing-places we can have in this great city the better citizens we shall have.

A planter recently wrote from Boeuff Prairie to his agent in New Orleans:

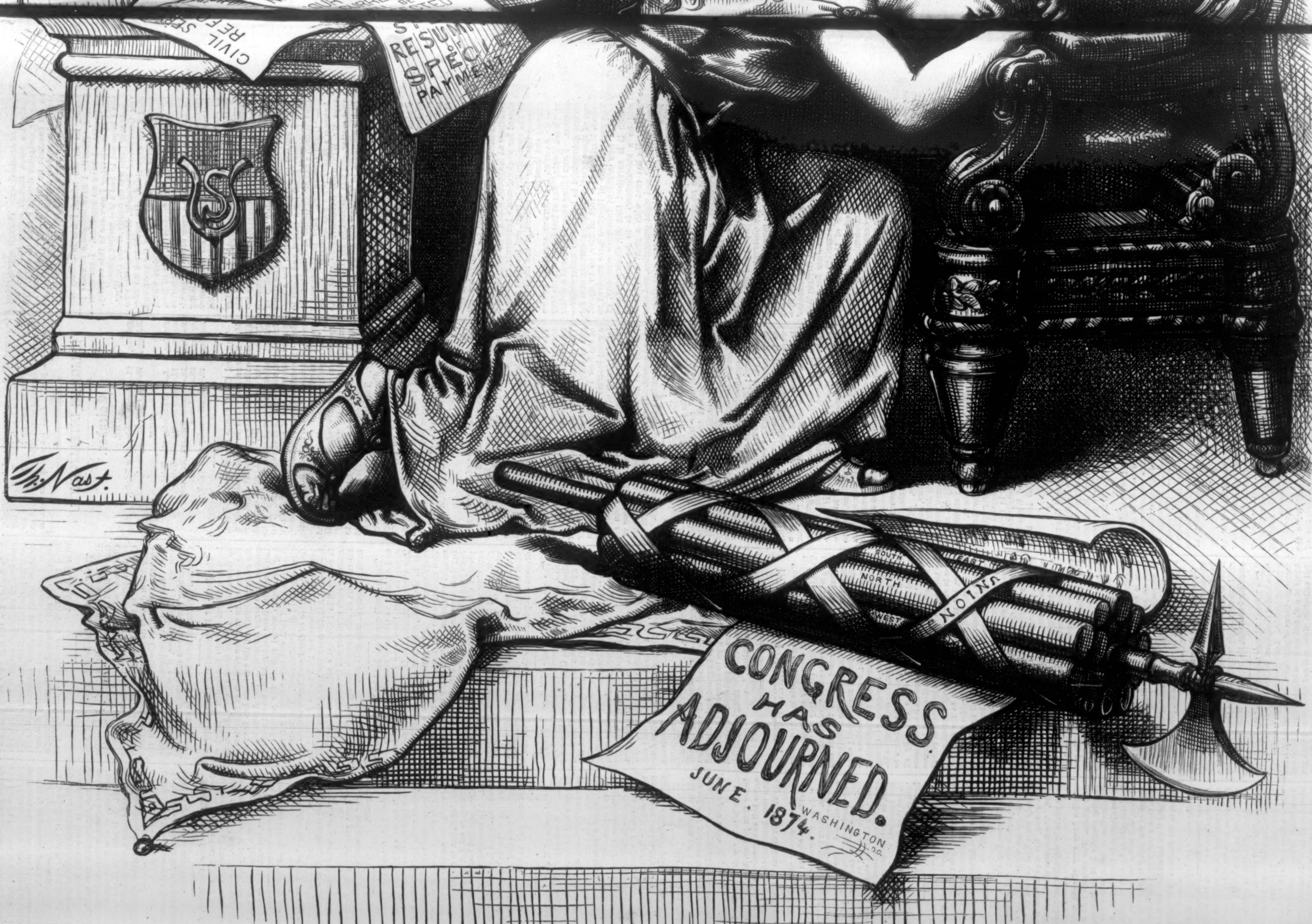
> "We are under water, and have been for the past six weeks. There is nothing doing except boating stock from one high place to another, and they are now nearly all dead. The water is falling slowly, but has only receded six inches in all, which does us no good yet. A fall of two feet more would give us some relief. Many have had to leave their homes and put up rude tents to afford shelter to their wives and little ones, while they returned to their homes with the purpose, in most instances futile, of saving their stock and household effects. The water is eighteen inches higher than in 1828, that memorable year we hear our 'old people' talk about. A description of the flood here is quite impossible."

Useless plants spread rapidly. No less than two hundred and fourteen kinds of weeds are said to have been introduced into the United States from foreign countries. Chick-weed was first introduced into South Carolina as food for canary-birds, and soon spread all over the country.

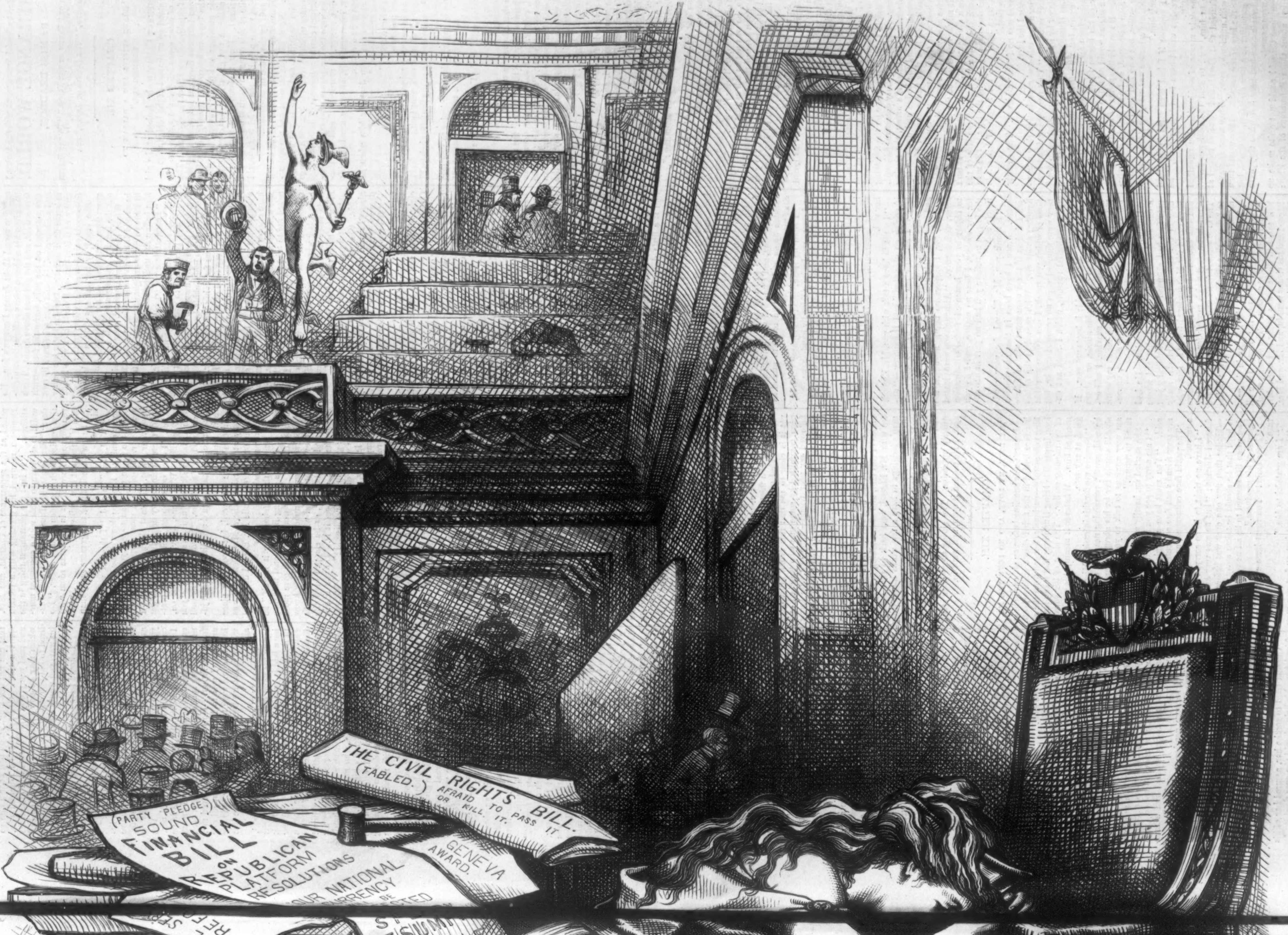
The Empress Eugénie is a beautiful *artiste* in ecclesiastical needle-work and embroidery. During the last year she has worked with her own imperial hands not only more than one set of "vestments" for the little chapel, but also a stool and cushion for the priest. The Empress would not allow a single stitch to be put in by any other hand than her own.

Ladies have very efficient methods of managing their affairs. For example: At a great temperance meeting recently held in Bangor, Maine, and under the direction of ladies, notice was given that speeches were limited to five minutes. A clergyman, becoming interested in his own remarks, forgot the passage of time, and spoke ten minutes, unheeding the quiet efforts of the ladies to head him off. At last one of them took a watch from the table, stepped to his side, and held it up before him, amidst the tremendous applause of the audience. The hint was taken.

Snake stories are beginning to come in. The latest is from Sussex County, Delaware. In that vicinity, not long since, a curious and deadly snake was killed, which measured twenty-eight inches in length. About five inches from the end of the tail were two thick protuberances, each containing eighteen "horns" about one-eighth of an inch in length. They were hollow, and supplied with poison. A strange story is told of a horned snake which some years ago attacked a man in the same vicinity. In order to escape, the man jumped behind a large tree, and the snake struck with such force that it buried its horn into the trunk about one-eighth of an inch. In thirty minutes thereafter a dullness in the leaves was perceptible, and, strange to say, in another hour they commenced falling off, and to-day it is nothing but a withered, naked trunk.


CIVIL SE
REF
RESUM
SPECI
PAYMENT
Th. Nast.
SOUTH
NORTH
EAST
WEST
UNION
CONGRESS HAS ADJOURNED.
JUNE. 1874.
WASHINGTON D.C.

LET US BE THANKFUL.


(PARTY PLEDGE.)
SOUND
FINANCIAL
BILL
ON
REPUBLICAN
PLATFORM
RESOLUTIONS
OUR NATIONAL
CURRENCY
BE
THE CIVIL RIGHTS BILL.
(TABLED.)
AFRAID TO PASS IT
OR KILL IT.
GENEVA
AWARD.

[Published by Special Arrangement with the Author.]

A STRANGE WORLD.

By MISS BRADDON,

AUTHOR OF "TAKEN AT THE FLOOD," "TO THE BITTER END," "STRANGERS AND PILGRIMS," "AURORA FLOYD," "THE LOVELS OF ARDEN," ETC.

CHAPTER XII.

"BRAVE SPIRITS ARE A BALSAM TO THEMSELVES."

HUMPHREY CLISSOLD also looked at the girl as she stood up at the end of the table in the little bit of clear space left for the witnesses. A shaft of sunshine slanted from the sky-light. The room was built out from the house, and lighted from the top—an apartment usually devoted to Masonic meetings and public dinners. In that clear radiance the girl's face was wondrously spiritualized. Easy to fancy that some being not quite of this common earth stood there, and that from those pale lips the awful truth would speak as if by the voice of revelation.

So Humphrey Clissold thought as he looked at her. Never till this moment had she appeared to him beautiful, and now it was no common beauty which he beheld in her, but a strange and spiritual charm impossible of definition.

"You were the last person who saw Mr. Penwyn alive, except his murderer?" said Mr. Pergament, interrogatively, after the usual formula had been gone through.

"I opened the shop door for him when he went out after supper."

"At what o'clock?"

"Half past two."

"Was he perfectly sober at that time?"

"Oh yes," with an indignant look.

"Was he going back to the Waterfowl alone?"

"Quite alone."

"Did he say any thing particular to you just at last? Any thing that it might be important for us to know?"

A faint color flushed the pale face at the question.

"Nothing."

"Is that all you can tell us?"

"There is only one thing more," the girl answered, calmly. "I stood at the door a few minutes to watch Mr. Penwyn walking up the street, and just as he turned the corner a man passed on the opposite side of the way in the same direction."

"Toward Lowgate?"

"Yes."

"What kind of a man?"

"He was rather tall, and wore an overcoat, and a thick scarf round his neck, as if it had been winter."

"Did you see his face?"

"No."

"Or notice any thing else about him—any thing besides the overcoat and the muffler?"

"Nothing."

"You say he was tall. Was he as tall as that gentleman, do you suppose? Stand up, for a moment, if you please, Mr. Clissold."

Clissold stood up. He was above the average height of tall men, well over six feet.

"No, he was not as tall as that."

"Are you sure of that?. A man would look taller in this room than in the street. Do you allow for that difference?" inquired Mr. Pergament.

"I do not believe that the man I saw that night was as tall as Mr. Clissold, nor as broad across the shoulders."

"That will do."

The chief constable next gave evidence as to the finding of the body, the watch buried in the ditch, the empty purse. Then came the landlady of the Waterfowl with an account of the high words between the two gentlemen, and Mr. Clissold's abrupt departure on the following morning. The Spinnersbury detectives followed, and described Mr. Clissold's arrest, the tracing of footsteps behind the hedge and down to the tow-path, and how they had compared Mr. Clissold's boot with the foot-prints without being able to arrive at any positive conclusion.

"It might very easily be the print of the same foot in a different boot," said Dorkis. "It isn't so much the difference between the size of the feet as the shape and cut of the boot. The man must have been tall, the length of his stride shows that."

There was no further evidence. The coroner addressed the jury.

After a few minutes' consultation they returned their verdict. "That the deceased had been murdered by some person or persons unknown."

Thus Humphrey Clissold found himself a free man again, but with the uncomfortable feeling of having been for a few days supposed the murderer of his bosom friend. It seemed to him that a stigma would attach to his name henceforward. He would be spoken of as the man who had been suspected, and who was in all probability guilty, but who had been let slip because the chain of evidence was not quite strong enough to hang him.

"I suppose if I had been tried in Scotland the verdict would have been 'non-proven,'" he thought.

One only means of self-justification remained open to him, viz., to find the real murderer. He fancied that Dorkis and Pawfoot looked at him with unfriendly eyes. They were aggravated by the loss of the reward. They would turn their attention in a new direction, no doubt, but considerable time had been lost while they were on a wrong scent.

Humphrey Clissold could not quite make up his mind about those Bohemians of the Eborsham Theatre—whether this vagabond heavy father might not know something more than he cared to reveal about James Penwyn's fate. He had given his evidence with a sufficiently straightforward air, and the girl was above doubt. Truth was stamped on the pale, sorrowful face—truth and a silent grief. Could that grief have its root in some fatal secret? Did she know her father guilty of this crime, and shield him with heroic falsehoods only less sublime than truth?

She stood by her father's side, a little way apart from the crowd, as she had stood throughout the inquiry, intently watchful.

While Humphrey lingered, debating whether he should follow up the strolling players, Churchill Penwyn came straight across the room toward him before the undispersed assembly.

"I congratulate you on your release, Mr. Clissold," he said, offering his hand with a friendly air; "and permit me to assure you that I, for one, have been fully assured of your innocence throughout this melancholy business."

"I thank you for doing me justice, Mr. Penwyn. I was very fond of your cousin. I liked him as well as if he had been my brother, and if the question had been put to me whether harm should come to him or me, I believe I should have chosen the evil lot for myself. His mother was a second mother to me. God bless her. She asked me to take care of him a few hours before her death, and I felt from that time as if I were responsible for his future. He was little more than a boy when his poor mother died. He was little more than a boy the last time I saw him alive, the night we had our first quarrel."

"What was the quarrel about?"

Mr. Clissold shrugged his shoulders, and glanced round the room, which was clearing by degrees, but not yet empty.

"It's too long a story to enter upon here," he said.

"Come and dine with me at the Castle, at eight o'clock, and tell me all about it," said Churchill.

"You're very good. No. I can't manage that. I have something to do."

"What is that?"

"To begin a business that may take a long time to finish."

"May I ask the nature of that business?"

"I want to find James Penwyn's murderer."

Churchill shrugged his shoulders and smiled—the half-compassionate smile which he might have bestowed on Don Quixote when that erratic hidalgo was setting out on his travels, had he been an acquaintance of the knight's, privy to his heroic purpose.

"My dear Sir," he said, "do you think that the murderer is ever found in such a case as this?—given a delay of three days and nights—ample time for him to ship himself for any port in the known world. A low, clod-hopping assassin, no doubt, in no way distinguishable from other clod-hoppers. Find him! did you say? I can conceive no endeavor more hopeless. It is the fashion to rail at our police because they find it a little difficult to put their hands upon every delinquent who may be wanted, but it is hardly the simplest business in the world to pick the right man out of ten or fifteen millions."

Humphrey Clissold heard him with a troubled look, and short impatient sigh.

"I dare say you are right," he said. "But I shall do my best to unravel the mystery, even if I am doomed to fail."

He asked some questions about his friend's funeral. It was to be at three o'clock on the following day, and Churchill was going back to London by an early train in order to attend as chief mourner.

"I shall be there," said Humphrey Clissold, and they parted with a friendly hand-shake.

Clissold was touched by Mr. Penwyn's friendliness. That stigma of *non-proven* had not affected Churchill's opinion, at any rate.

He followed Mathew Elgood and his daughter into the street, and joined them as they walked slowly homeward, the girl's face half hidden by her veil.

"I want to have a talk with you, Mr. Elgood, if you've no objection," said Humphrey—"unless you consider me tainted by the suspicion that has hung over me for the last three days, and object to hold any intercourse with me."

"No, Sir, I suspect no man," answered the actor, with dignity. "Although you were pleased to object to your lamented friend's inclination for my society, I bear no malice, and I do you the justice to believe you had no part in his untimely end."

"I thank you, Mr. Elgood, for your confidence. Since I have been in that abominable jail I feel as if there were some odor of felony hanging about me. With regard to the objections of which you speak, I can assure you that they were founded upon no personal dislike, but upon prudential reasons, which I need not enlarge upon."

"Enough, Mr. Clissold; it boots not now. If you will follow to our humble abode, and share the meal our modest means provide, I will enlighten you upon this theme, so far as my scant knowledge serve withal," said the actor, unconsciously lapsing into blank verse.

Humphrey accepted the invitation. He had a curious desire to see more of that girl whose pale face had assumed a kind of sublimity just now in the crowded court. Could she really have cared for his murdered friend? She, who had but known him two days? Or was there some dark secret which moved her thus deeply? The man seemed frank and open enough. Hard to believe that villainy lurked beneath the Bohemian's rough kindliness.

They went straight to the lodging in the narrow street leading down to the river. Here all seemed comfortable enough. The evening meal, half tea, half dinner, was ready laid when Mr. Elgood and his visitor went in, and Mr. and Mrs. Dempson were waiting with some impatience for their refreshment. They looked somewhat surprised at the appearance of Clissold, and Mrs. Dempson returned his greeting with a certain stiffness. "It isn't the pleasantest thing in the world to sit down to table with a suspected murderer," she remarked afterward; to which Justina replied, with a sudden flash of anger, "Do you suppose I would sit in the same room with him if I thought him guilty?"

The low comedian took things more easily than his wife.

"Well, Mat," he said, "I thought you were never coming. I've been down at the Arms, and heard the inquest. Glad to see you at liberty again, Mr. Clissold. A most preposterous business, your arrest. I heard all the evidence. I think those Spinnersbury detectives ought to get it hot. I dare say the press will slang 'em pretty tolerably. Well done, Judy," he went on, with a friendly slap on Justina's shoulder; "you spoke up like a good one. If you spoke as well as that on the stage, you'd soon be fit for the juvenile lead."

Justina spoke no word, but took her place quietly at the table, where Mrs. Dempson was pouring out the tea, while Mr. Elgood dispensed a juicy rump steak.

"I went to the butcher's for it myself," he said. "There's nothing like personal influence in these things. They wouldn't dare give me a slice off some superannuated cow. They know when they've got to deal with a judge. 'That's beef,' said the butcher, as he slapped his knife across the loin; and beef it is. Do you like it with the gravy in it, Mr. Clissold?"

There was a dish of steaming potatoes, and a bowl of lettuces, which green stuff Mrs. Dempson champed as industriously as if she had been a blood-relation of Nebuchadnezzar's.

Never had Humphrey Clissold seen any one so silent or so self-sustained as this pale, thin, shadowy-looking girl, whom her friends called Judy. She interested him strangely, and he did sorry justice to Mr. Elgood's ideal steak while watching her. She herself hardly ate any thing; but the others were too deeply absorbed in their own meal to be concerned about her. She sat by her father, and drank a little tea—sat motionless, for the most part, with her dark, thoughtful eyes looking far away, looking into some world that was not for the rest.

So soon as the pangs of hunger were appeased, and the pleasures of the table in some measure exhausted, Mr. Elgood became loquacious again. He gave a detailed description of that last day on the race-course—the supper—all that James Penwyn had said or done within his knowledge. And then came a discussion as to who could have done the deed.

"He was in the theatre all the evening, you say," said Humphrey. "Is it possible that any of the scene-shifters, or workmen of any kind, may have observed him—seen him open a well-filled purse perhaps—and followed him after he left this house? It was one of his foolish habits to carry too much money about him—from twenty to fifty pounds, for instance. He used to say it was a bore to sit down and write a check for every trifle he wanted. And of course, in our travels, ready money was a necessity. Could it have been one of your people, do you think?"

"No, Sir," replied Mr. Elgood. "The stage has contributed nothing to the records of crime. From the highest genius who has ever adorned the drama to the lowest functionary employed in the working of its machinery, there has been no such thing as a felon."

"I am glad to hear you say so, Mr. Elgood; yet it is clear to me that this crime must have been committed by some one who watched and followed my poor friend—some one who knew enough of him to know that he had money about him."

"I grant you, Sir," replied the actor.

It was now time for these Thespians to repair to the theatre—all but Justina, who, for a wonder, was not in the first piece. Humphrey took notice of this fact, and after walking to the theatre with Mr. Elgood, went back to that gentleman's lodgings to have a few words alone with his daughter.

He passed through the shop unchallenged, visitors for the lodgers being accustomed to pass in and out in a free and easy manner. He went quietly up stairs. The sitting-room door stood ajar. He pushed it open, and went in.

CHAPTER XIII.

"MY LOVE, MY LOVE, AND NO LOVE FOR ME."

JUSTINA was kneeling before an old easy-chair, her face buried in the faded chintz cushion, sobbing vehemently—curiously changed from the silent, impassible being Humphrey had taken leave of ten minutes earlier. The sight of her sorrow touched him. Whatever it meant, this was real grief, at any rate.

"Forgive me for this intrusion, Miss Elgood," he said, gently, remaining near the door lest he should startle her by his abrupt approach. "I am very anxious to talk to you alone, and ventured to return."

She started up, hastily wiping away her tears.

"I am sorry to see you in such deep grief," he said. "You must have a tender heart, to feel my poor friend's sad fate so acutely."

The pallid face crimsoned, as if this had been a reproof.

"I have no right to be so sorry, I dare say," faltered Justina; "but he was very kind to me—kinder than any one ever was before—and it is hard that he should be taken away so cruelly, just when life seemed to be all new and different because of his goodness."

"Poor child! You must have a grateful nature."

"I am grateful to *him*."

"I can understand that just at first you may feel his death as if it were a personal loss, but that can not last long. You had known him so short a time. Granted that he admired you, and paid you pretty compliments and attentions which may be new to one so young: if he had lived to bid you good-by to-morrow, and pass on his way, you would hardly have remembered him a week."

"I should have remembered him all my life," said Justina, firmly.

"He had made a deep impression upon your mind or your fancy, then, in those two days?"

"He loved me," the girl answered, with a little burst of passion, "and I gave him back love for love with all my heart, with all my strength, as they tell us we ought to love God. Why do you come here to torment me about him? You can not bring him back to life. God will not. I would spend all my life upon my knees if he could be raised up again, like Lazarus! I meant never to have spoken of this. I have kept it even from my father. He told me that he loved me, and that I was to be his wife, and that all our lives to come were to be spent together. Think what it is to have been so happy, and to have lost all."

"Poor child!" repeated Humphrey Clissold, laying his hand gently, as priest or father might have laid it, on the soft brown hair, thrust back in a tangled mass from the hot brow. "Poor children—children both! It would have been a foolish marriage at best, my dear girl, if he had lived, and kept in the same mind, poor fellow! Unequal marriages bring remorse and misery for the most part. James Penwyn was not a hard-working wayfarer like me, who may choose my wife at any turn on the world's high-road. He was the owner of a good old estate, and the happiness of his future depended on his making a suitable marriage. His wife must have been somebody before she was his wife. She must have had her own race to refer to, something to boast of on her own side, so that when their children grew up they should be able to give a satisfactory account of their maternal uncles and aunts. I dare say you think me worldly-minded, poor child; but I am only worldly-wise. If it were a question of personal merit, you might have made the best of wives."

The girl heard this long speech with an absent air, the tearful eyes fixed on vacancy, the restless hands clasped tightly, as if she would fain have restrained her grief by that muscular grip.

"I don't know whether it was wise or foolish," she said, "but I know we loved each other."

"I loved him too, Justina," said Humphrey, using her Christian name involuntarily—she was not the kind of person to be called Miss Elgood—"as well as one man can love another. I take his death quietly enough, you see, but I would give ten years of my life to find his murderer."

"I would give all my life," said Justina, with a look that made him think she would verily have done it.

"You know nothing more than you told at the inquest this afternoon? Nothing that could throw any light upon his death?"

"Nothing. You ought to know much more about it than I."

"How so?"

"You know all that went before that time—his circumstances, his associates. I have lain awake thinking of this thing from night till morning, until I believe that every idea that could be thought about it has come into my head. There must have been some motive for his murder."

"The motive seems obvious enough—highway robbery."

"Yet his watch was found in the ditch."

"His murderer may naturally have feared to take any thing likely to lead to detection. His money was taken."

"Yes. It may have been for that. Yet it seems strange that he should have been chosen out of so many—that he should have been the only victim—murdered for the sake of a few pounds."

"Unhappily, sordid as the motive is, that is a common kind of murder," replied Humphrey.

"But might not some one have a stronger motive than that?"

"I can imagine none. James never in his life made an enemy."

"Are you quite sure of that?"

"As sure as I can be of any thing about a young man whom I knew as well as if he had been my brother," replied Humphrey, wondering at the girl's calm clear tone. At this moment she seemed older than her years—his equal, or more than his equal, in shrewdness and judgment.

"Is there any one who would be a gainer by his death?" she said.

"Naturally. The next heir to the Penwyn estate is a very considerable gainer. For him James Penwyn's death means the difference between a hard-working life like mine and a splendid future."

"Could he have any thing to do with the crime?"

"He! Churchill Penwyn? Well, no; it would be about as hard to suspect him as it was to suspect me. Churchill Penwyn is a gentleman, and, I conclude, a man of honor. His conduct toward me to-day showed him a man of kind feeling."

"No. I suppose gentlemen do not commit such crimes," mused Justina; "and we shall never know who killed him. That seems hardest of all. That bright young life taken, and the wretch who took it left to go free."

Tears filled her eyes as she turned away from Humphrey Clissold, ashamed of her grief—tears which should have been shed in secret, but which she could not keep back when she thought of her young lover's doom.

Clissold tried to soothe her, assured her of his friendship—his help, should she ever need it.

"I shall always be interested in you," he said.

"I shall think of you as my poor lad's first and last love. He had had his foolish boyish flirtations before, but I have reason to know that he never asked any other woman to be his wife; and he was too stanch and true to make such an offer unless he meant it."

Justina gave him a grateful look. It was the first time he had seen her face light up with any thing like pleasure that day.

"You do believe that he loved me, then?" she exclaimed, eagerly. "It was not all my own foolish dream. He was not"—the next words came slowly, as if it hurt her to speak them—"amusing himself at my expense?"

"I have no doubt of his truth. I never knew him tell a lie. I do not say that his fancy would have lasted; it may have been too ardent, too sudden, to stand wear and tear. But, be assured, for the moment he was true—would have wrecked his life, perhaps, to keep true to the love of a day."

This time the girl looked at him angrily.

"Why do you tell me he must have changed if God had spared him?" she added. "Why do you find it so hard to imagine that he might have gone on loving me? Am I so degraded a creature in your eyes?"

"I am quite ready to believe that you are a very noble girl," answered Humphrey, "worthy a better lover than my poor friend. But you are Miss Elgood, of the Theatre Royal, Eborsham, and he was Squire Penwyn of Penwyn. Time would not have changed those two facts, and might have altered his way of looking at them."

"Don't tell me that he would have changed," she cried, passionately. "Let me think that I have lost all—love, happiness, home, wealth—all that any woman ever hoped to win. It can not add to my grief for him. It would not take away from my love for him even to know that he was fickle, and would have grown tired of me. Those two days were the only happy days of my life. They will dwell in my mind forever, a changeless memory. I shall never see the sunshine without thinking how it shone once upon us two on Eborsham race-course. I shall never see the moonlight without remembering how we two sat side by side watching the willow branches dipping into the river."

A childish love, thought Humphrey—a young heart's first fancy, a fabric that would wear out in six months or so!

"Happy days will come again," he said, gently. "You will go on acting, and succeed in your profession. You are just the kind of girl to whom genius will come in a flash, like inspiration. You will succeed and be famous by-and-by, and look back with a sad, pitying smile at James Penwyn's love, and say to yourself, with a half-regretful sigh, 'That was youth!' You will be loved some day by a man who will prove to you that true love is not the growth of a few summer hours."

"I should like to be famous some day," the girl answered, proudly, "just to show you that I might have been worthy of your friend's love."

"I fear I have offended you by my plain speaking, Miss Elgood," returned Humphrey; "but if ever you need a friend, and will honor me with your confidence, you shall not find me unworthy of your trust. I have not a very important position in the world, but I am a gentleman of birth and education, and not wanting in some of those commonplace qualities which help a man on the road of life—such as patience and perseverance, industry and strength of purpose. I have chosen literature for my profession, for that calling gives me the privilege I should be least inclined to forego—liberty. My income is happily just large enough to make me independent of earning, so that I can afford to write as the birds sing—without cutting my coat according to any other man's cloth. If ever you and your father are in London, Miss Elgood, and inclined to test my sincerity, you may find me at this address."

He gave Justina his card:

Mr. Humphrey Clissold,
Hogarth Place,
Bloomsbury.

"Not a fashionable locality by any means," he said, "but central, and near the British Museum, where I generally spend my mornings when I am in London."

Justina took the card listlessly enough, not as if she had any intention of taxing Mr. Clissold's friendship in the future. He saw how far her thoughts were from him, and from all common things. She rose with a startled look as the cathedral clock chimed the three-quarters after seven.

"I shall be late for the piece!" she exclaimed, with alarm. "I forget every thing."

"It is my fault for detaining you," said Humphrey, concerned to see her look of distress. "Let me walk to the theatre with you."

"But I've some things to carry," she answered, hurriedly rolling up some finery which had bestrewed a side-table—veil, shoes, ribbons, feathers, a dilapidated fan.

"I am not afraid of carrying a parcel."

They went out together, Justina breathless, and hurried to the stage-door.

Humphrey penetrated some dark passages and stumbled up some break-neck stairs in his anxiety to learn if his companion were really late. The band was grinding away at an overture. The second piece had not begun.

"Is it all right?" asked Humphrey, just as the light figure that had sped on before him was disappearing behind a dusky door.

"Yes," cried Justina; "I don't go on till the second scene. I shall have just time to dress."

So Humphrey groped his way to the outer air, relieved in mind.

It was a still summer evening, and this part of the city had a quiet, forgotten air, as of a spot from which busy life had drifted away. The theatre did not create any circle of animation and bustle in these degenerate days, and, seen from the outside, might have been mistaken for a chapel. There were a few small boys hanging about near the stage-door as Mr. Clissold emerged, and these he perceived looked at him with interest, and spoke to one another about him. He was evidently known, even to these street boys, as the man who had been suspected of his friend's murder.

He walked round to the quiet little square in front of the theatre, lighted his pipe, and took a turn up and down the empty pavement, meditating what he should do with himself for the rest of the evening.

Last night he had slept placidly enough in the mediæval jail, worn out with saddest thoughts. To-night there was nothing for him to do but go back to the Waterfowl, where the rooms would seem haunted, put his few belongings together, and get ready for going back to London. His holiday was over, and how sad the end!

He had been very fond of James Penwyn. Only now, when they two were parted forever, did he know how strong that attachment had been.

The bright young face, the fresh, gay voice, all gone!

"I am not quick at making friendships," thought Humphrey. "I feel as if his death had left me alone in the world."

His life had been unusually lonely, save for this one strong friendship. He had lost his father in childhood, and his mother a few years later. Happily Captain Clissold, although a younger son, had inherited a small estate in Devonshire from his mother. This gave his orphan son four hundred a year—an income which permitted his education at Eton and Oxford, and which made him thoroughly independent as a young man to whom the idea of matrimony and its obligations seemed far off.

His uncle, Sir Henry Clissold, was a gentleman of some standing in the political world, a county member, a man who was chairman of innumerable committees, and never had a leisure moment. This gentleman's ideas of the fitness of things were outraged by his nephew's refusal to adopt any profession.

"I could have pushed you forward in almost any career you had chosen," he said, indignantly. "I have friends I can command in all the professions; or, if you had cared to go to India, you might have been a judge in the Sudder before you were five-and-thirty."

"Thanks, my dear uncle. I shouldn't care about being broiled alive, or having to learn from twenty to thirty dialects before I could understand plaintiff or defendant," Humphrey replied, coolly. "Give me my crust of bread, and liberty."

"Fortunate for you that you have your crust of bread," growled Sir Henry, "but at the rate you are going you will never provide yourself with a slice of cheese."

To-night, perhaps for the first time, Humphrey Clissold felt that life was a mistake. His friend and comrade had been more necessary to him than he could have believed, for he had never quite accepted James as his equal in intellect. He had had his own world of thought, which the careless lad never entered. But now that the boy was gone, he felt that shadowy world darkened by his loss.

"Would to Heaven I could stand face to face with his murderer!" he said to himself. "One of us two should go down, never to rise again!"

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SCIENTIFIC INTELLIGENCE.

M. TISSANDIER has lately been prosecuting extended inquiries into the character and amount of atmospheric dust precipitated upon given surfaces, and finds occasion to conclude that this amount is quite enough to play an important part in the physics of our globe. This dust he found to contain one-third of combustible organic matter and two-thirds of mineral matter. Iron is almost always present, and this, in M. TISSANDIER'S opinion, has an important bearing upon the question of iron meteorites. He thinks also that a considerable part of this atmospheric dust is received from the planetary space.

The German exploring expedition into the Libyan Desert, under GERHARD ROHLFS, according to late advices, had returned to Cairo on the 17th of April.

According to the Panama *Star and Herald*, the investigations by Dr. RAIMONDI of the guano deposits recently discovered on the main-land of Peru have shown them to be of even a better quality than those of the Chincha Islands; and as the estimate of the amount is at least 8,000,000 tons, there is little fear of the speedy exhaustion of the resources of that enterprising republic. The common guano is now worth fourteen pounds sterling per ton in foreign markets, and this new deposit will probably bring two or three pounds more.

For the purpose of bringing together the sum of our knowledge on the subject, Mr. WILLIAM H. DALL has lately published a catalogue of the shells of Behring Straits and the Arctic Ocean, partly collected by himself and partly by others. He indicates 121 species, of which three obtained by Captain SMITH and one by himself he considers to be new to science.

Rev. F. O. MORRIS, in a letter addressed to the London *Times* upon the subject of the threatened invasion of Great Britain by the Colorado potato beetle, makes a sensible suggestion for the consideration of the people of the United States, which is worth bearing in mind on the part of our acclimatization societies. He thinks that if the rook were introduced into the United States it would have a very positive influence upon the existence and multiplication of insects that are injurious to vegetation, in view of the fact that its large size and semi-domestic habits especially qualify it for attacking such pests and destroying them on a large scale, as they are said to feed almost exclusively upon insects and their larvæ; and in consequence of their slight degree of shyness they will enter the gardens and orchards freely, and breed in colonies in the trees near country-houses.

At the April meeting of the Meteorological Society Professor J. K. LAUGHTON gave some of his conclusions on the nature and cause of the diurnal variation of the barometer; and although these views seem to be identical with those maintained by LAMONT, of Munich, as long ago as 1832, yet it is worth while to revive their consideration in these days when so much attention is directed to meteorological phenomena. LAUGHTON believes that the cause of the diurnal variation is to be found not in the different temperature and humidity at different times of the day, but rather in the inertia of the atmosphere, which in the morning permits its elastic force to be increased by a rapidly increasing temperature before its inertia of rest can be overcome sufficiently to allow it to enlarge its volume; but when that inertia of rest is overcome, then the inertia of motion permits it to move away from the place of observation any excess of what is due to the increased elasticity. The nocturnal maximum and minimum are caused, then, by the resilient power of the air, which gives it alternately an inward and outward motion, and each way in excess of what is due to the decrease or increase of elasticity by reason of the inertia of motion. If this explanation is correct, we ought to find a certain tendency of the wind toward east in the morning and toward west in the evening; and this tendency does seem to be shown in the very few published observations which permit a comparison to be made. Further observations as confirming or disproving the proposed theory are much to be desired.

The series of illustrated catalogues of the Museum of Comparative Zoology at Cambridge has recently been enriched by two important additions. The first (or No. 7) consists of Part IV. of a revision of the echini, by Mr. ALEXANDER AGASSIZ, completing a volume of 762 pages and 94 plates. It is by far the most elaborate work of the kind that has appeared under the auspices of the museum, and at the same time the most important, in view of the thorough revision that is given to the recent species, the result of a personal inspection of almost every type.

The present part is occupied principally by a study of the structure and embryology of the echini, to which belong seventeen plates issued with Part III.

No. 8 is composed of the first edition of the zoological results of the *Hassler* expedition, and embraces the study of the echini, crinoids, and corals by Messrs. ALEXANDER AGASSIZ and L. F. POURTALÈS. This is accompanied by ten plates in the text. Some of these species have already appeared in the bulletin of the Museum of Comparative Zoology, the most interesting novelty being an account of a new species of *Rhizocrinus rawsonii*, by Count POURTALÈS. This is closely allied to *R. loffodensis*, which extends from Florida to the Loffoden Islands, but is larger, and has several important distinctive characteristics.

Monsieur ALLUARD, the originator and director of the Puy-de-Dôme Observatory, has announced that an inauguration will take place next September. Invitations will be sent to England as well as throughout France. The cost of the building will be something more than $20,000, and the work is fast advancing. The observatory will be connected by an electric telegraph with another built at Clermont, near the base of the mountain, and more than 4000 feet below. When excavating on the top of the mountain, it was discovered that a large building about eighty yards in breadth had existed on the spot. It is supposed to have been a Roman fortress and temple. A number of Roman medals were discovered.

The seventh session of the International Congress of Anthropology and Prehistoric Archæology will be held at Stockholm from the 7th to the 16th of August next, and all persons who are interested in these subjects are invited to attend and become members. The membership is fixed for the present at ten shillings sterling, or about $2 50.

As it is customary for the annual meeting to consider questions more particularly relating to the country in which such meeting may be held, the subjects for consideration will have special reference to Sweden and Scandinavia; and among those already proposed are, first, the earliest traces of man in Sweden, and whether these are to be attributed to one people only, or whether there were several contemporaneous tribes inhabiting different portions of the country; second, the characteristics of the bronze age in Sweden, and its relations to the same age elsewhere in Europe; third, their commercial and other relations with contemporaneous people in the south of Europe; fourth, the waters along which the trade in yellow amber was prosecuted; and fifth, the anatomical and ethnological characters of the prehistoric man in Sweden.

Among other objects of interest, various tombs of the age of iron in the vicinity of Stockholm will be explored, as also the dolmens in the province of Visigothia.

The president of the meeting will be Count H. HAMILTON, and the secretary Dr. H. HILDEBRAND.

In 1872 Mr. WILLIAM H. DALL made some interesting discoveries of prehistoric remains in a cave on Amaknak Island, situated in Captain's Bay, Oonalaska, which he supposed exhausted the subject. In 1873, however, he found that he had left undisturbed a still lower stratum, and finally cleaned out the entire cave down to the bed rock. He ascertained that the whole interior of the cave had been painted over with a red pigment or chalky ore of iron, above which was a bed of organic mould about two feet in its greatest depth, in which were found three skeletons, surrounded by a rough sort of sarcophagus built of the jaws and ribs of whales, and around them were a large number of implements, especially of stone knives. This was covered in turn by a layer six inches or less in thickness of refuse material, the remains of repasts on marine animals, shell-fish, fish, and echini. Scattered irregularly over this were broken and worn implements of quite a different character from those found with the dead; and the whole indicated that this was only a resting-place of parties who used it temporarily while waiting an opportunity to cross the surf to the adjacent island. It was down to this lower stratum that the labors of the previous season had extended, but without disturbing it.

A stratum of this latter portion was covered by a bed of shingle, evidently introduced by water, and supposed to be the actual bottom of the deposit. Mr. DALL is of the opinion that the skeletons found here are the oldest yet discovered in the Aleutian region, although not approaching in antiquity those discovered on Table Mountain, or the Neanderthal. He thinks the cave was first used as a burial-place, the mould over the three skeletons having accumulated by the decay of animal matter and of rubbish; and that the *débris* from the repasts of occasional visitors had been gathering for a great many years. An unusually high tide or storm probably brought in the shingle from the adjacent sea-beach, and after this the cave was again used as a deposit for the dead. Nothing was discovered indicating in any way that the place had been used or visited by the white races.

The total number of crania obtained by Mr. DALL amounted to thirty-six, besides many hundred implements of bone, ivory, and stone, and many carvings of wood and other objects, presenting evidence of the existence of large and flourishing communities numbering thousands of inhabitants where now none or only remnants of population exist.

Underneath the old villages were found still more ancient kitchen heaps of echini, fish bones, and edible shell-fish many feet in thickness, the age and time taken in forming them hardly to be approximated or counted even in centuries. Only in the upper strata were seen the indications of progress in hunting and fishing, afterward so notable that even the sperm-whale succumbed to the attacks of these hardy canoemen. Their progenitors were content to pick echini from the shore and mussels from the rocks, and hardly any implements could be found in the refuse of their repasts—the accumulation of centuries.

After them large villages of solidly constructed houses rose; and probably at the height of their progress and numerical increase the almost equally barbarous Russian of Siberia fell upon them, and nearly swept them from the face of the earth.

HUMORS OF THE DAY.

AN old Scotchman of Boston used to say, "I'm open to conviction, but I'd like to see the man that can convince me."

HEAD-LIGHTS—Bright eyes.

A SLIGHT DIFFERENCE.—An empty-headed exquisite was present when a young lady was singing a song in which the following lines occur:

> "By that fair brow where *innocence* reposes,
> Like moonlight resting on the spotless snow."

Looking at him intently, she divided the words in the first line in a manner not particularly complimentary, thus:

> "By that fair brow *wherein no sense* reposes,
> Like moonlight resting on the spotless snow."

"John," said a father to his son one day, when he caught him shaving the "down" off his upper lip, "don't throw your shaving-water out where there are any barefooted boys, for they might get their feet pricked."

"I'm not afraid of a barrel of cider," said a toper to a temperance man. "I presume not," was the reply; "from your appearance, I guess a barrel of cider would run at your approach."

"What do these mean?" said Spicer's friends, pointing to three gold balls in front of a shop, the other day. "Indians," was the reply. "Indians?" said his friends. "Yes, Pawn-ees," retorted Spicer.

A placard in a Brooklyn barber's shop window announces, "Boots blacked inside." But must not that be very bad for the stockings?

In the far West mosquitoes are so plentiful that they are unable to get on a stranger all at once, so they stand round in reliefs, and wait for their turns.

What is that which every one can divide, but no one can see where it has been divided?—Water.

Love without money has been compared to a pair of shiny leather boots without soles.

An English brewer in Ohio wants to know what effect "local hoption" would 'ave upon the price of 'ops.

"Where are you going?" asked a little boy of another, who had slipped on an icy pavement. "Going to get up," was the blunt reply.

To a squire who was boasting of his horse's speed, Sam Foote replied, "Pooh! my horse will stand *faster* than yours can gallop."

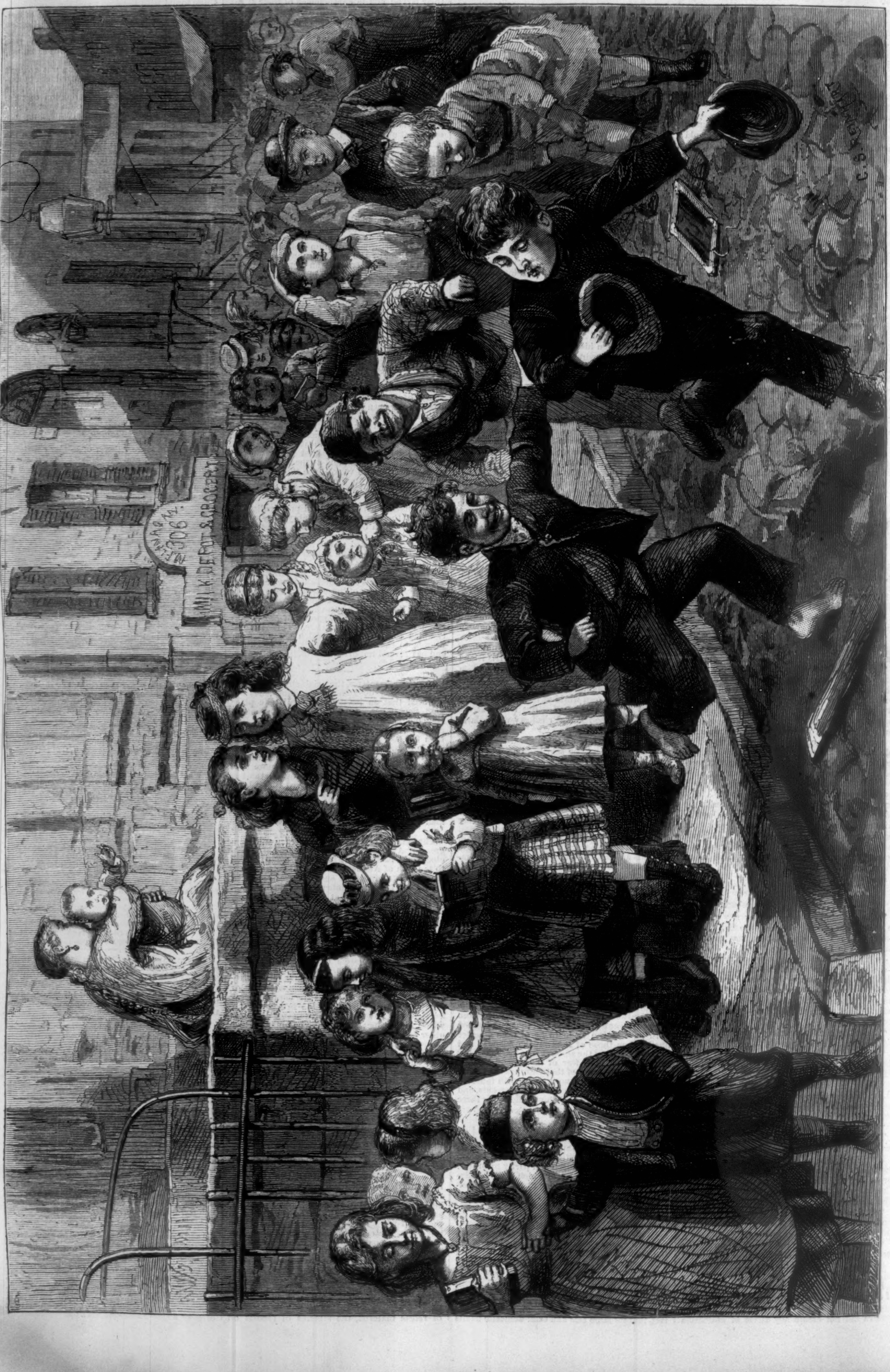
A Scotchman having hired himself to a farmer, had a cheese set down before him that he might help himself. The master said to him, "Sandie, you take a long time to breakfast." "In troth, master," answered he, "a cheese o' this size is nae sae soon eaten as ye may think."

HOW PATRICK PROPOSES TO GET OVER HIS SINGLE BLESSEDNESS—By proposing to Bridge it.

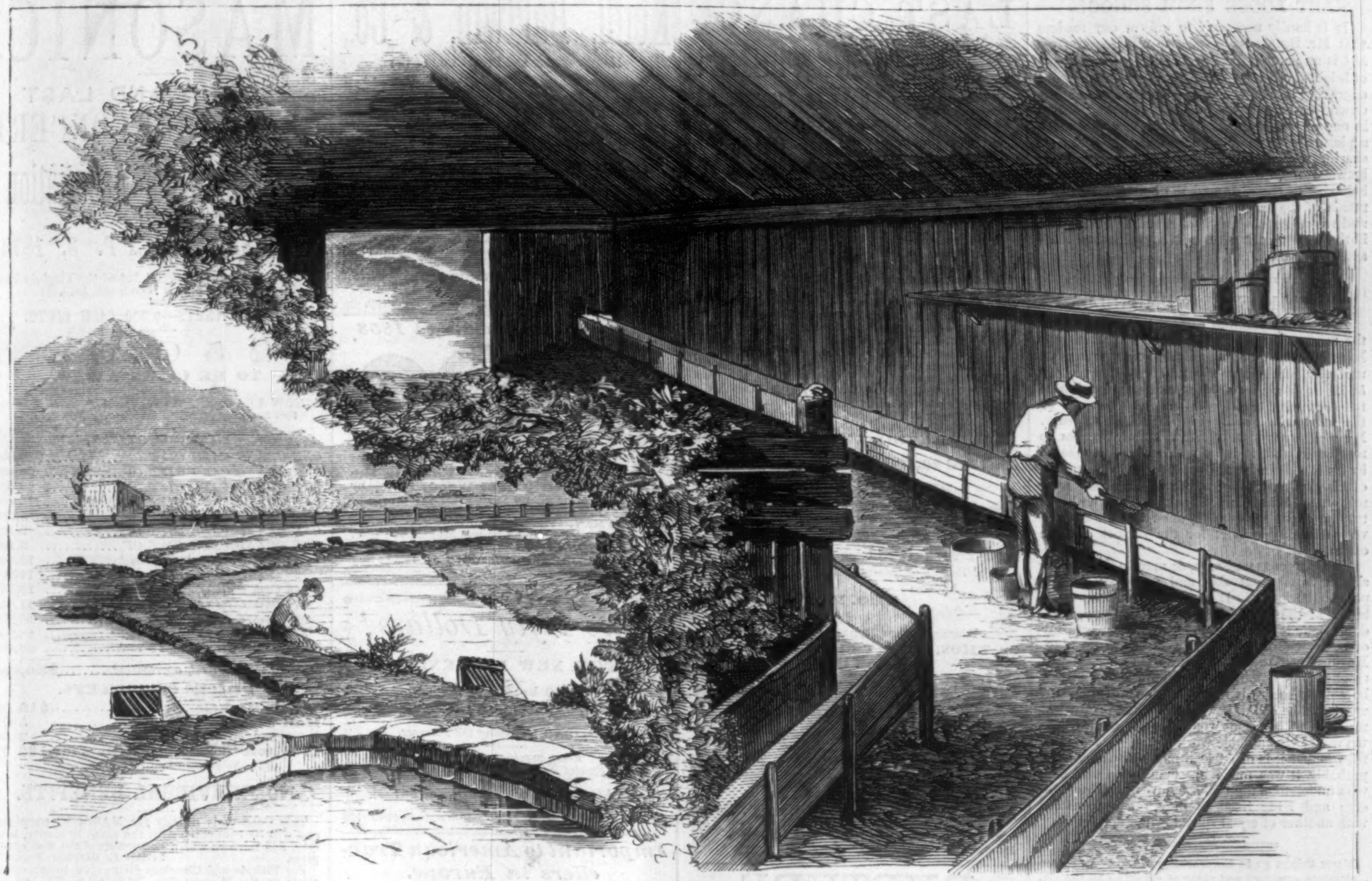
A kind-hearted but somewhat weak-headed Scotchman got into the pulpit of the parish church one Sunday before the minister, who happened on that day to be rather behind time. "Come down, Jamie," said the minister, "that's my place." "Come ye up, Sir," replied Jamie; "they're a stiff-necked and rebellious generation, the people o' this place, and it will take us baith to manage them."

A man in Illinois committed suicide by drowning, lately, in six inches of water. He could not have done it alone, but his wife, with that self-sacrificing devotion and helpfulness so characteristic of her sex, sat on his head.

An Irishman, being recently on trial for some offense, pleaded "not guilty," and the jury being in the box, the district attorney proceeded to call Mr. Furkisson as a witness. With the utmost innocence Patrick turned his face to the judge and said, "Do I understand, yer honor, that Mr. Furkisson is to be a witness forenenst me again?" The judge said, dryly, "It seems so." "Well, thin, yer honor, I plade guilty sure, if yer honor plaise, not because I am guilty, for I'm as innocent as yer honor's suckin' babe, but jist on account of savin' Misther Furkisson's sowl."


306
MILK DEPOT & GROCERY

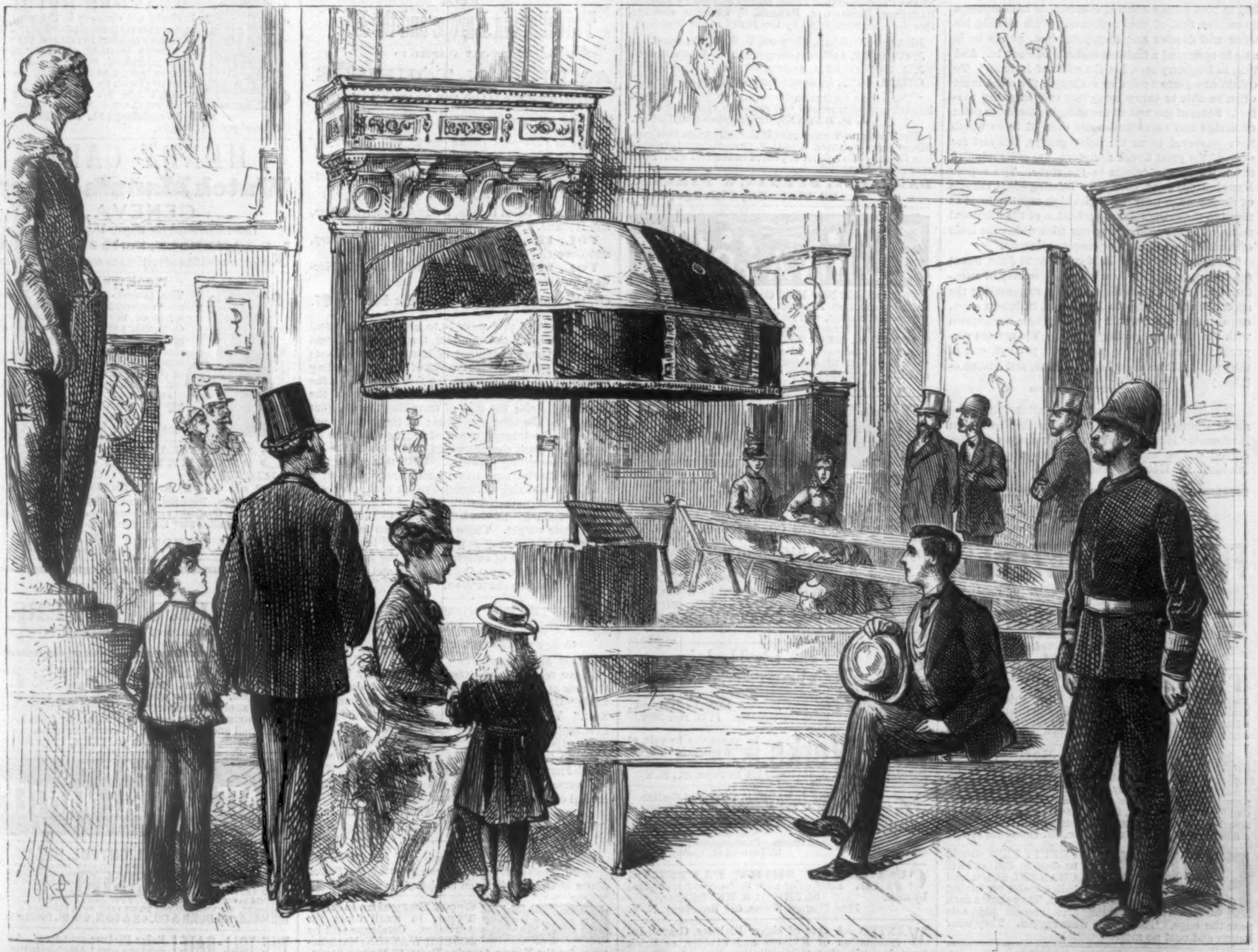
LET LOOSE FROM SCHOOL—A SKETCH FROM REAL LIFE.—[See Page 566.]



TROUT-HATCHING IN COLORADO.

TROUT-HATCHING IN COLORADO.

THE upper engraving on this page gives a view of the interior of a trout-hatching house on one of the Colorado streams. It does not differ in any material detail from similar establishments in other parts of the country. The spawn is deposited in long troughs, slightly inclined, through which runs a constant stream of pure spring water. When the young fish attain a certain growth they are placed in ponds arranged in a series. In the first they remain three or four months, after which they are transferred to a second, and so on from one to another until they have attained their full growth. Artificial trout-raising begins already to be a large industry in Colorado, and it is believed that in a few years that region will be able to furnish the Eastern markets with an immense supply of this delicious fish.



KING KOFFEE'S UMBRELLA.—FROM A SKETCH BY ABNER CROSSMAN.—[SEE PAGE 566.]

LET LOOSE FROM SCHOOL.

It is hardly necessary to inform our readers that Mr. Reinhart's spirited picture on page 564 is an actual study from nature. The troop of bright-faced boys and girls represented in our engraving swarmed out upon the artist one afternoon as he was passing a large public school in one of the lower wards of the city, and made a picture which our readers will thank him for sharing with them. There is a happy contrast between the quiet, modest, and rather demure behavior of the girls and the boisterous exhilaration of the lads at their release from the tasks and restraints of the school-room, and every face in the several groups has a strongly marked character of its own.

KING KOFFEE'S UMBRELLA.

Among the trophies carried to England from the recent campaign against the Ashantees was King Koffee's gigantic and most gorgeous state umbrella, of which we give an illustration on page 565. It is made of black and crimson velvet, trimmed with broad gold-lace, and was one of the most valued articles in the King's treasury. He would have sacrificed a hundred wives to ransom it, and, it is said, felt more humiliated by its loss than by the capture and destruction of his capital. The English comic papers were mistaken in heaping ridicule on the umbrella trophy, though it was, it must be confessed, a very tempting subject for the satirist and the caricaturist.

This gorgeous umbrella, as may be seen in our sketch, is of great size, and naturally attracts popular curiosity. It has been placed on exhibition at the South Kensington Museum, London, where it was subjected to the eager scrutiny of nearly twenty thousand visitors in one day. Having been presented to the Queen as a war trophy, it is not likely our great showman will be able to secure it for exhibition in this country, but if he could, it would doubtless draw immensely. Thousands would flock to see it where ten would visit a noble work of art. It is doubtful whether it is of African manufacture. Most probably it was made by some white workman who understood the barbaric love of brilliant colors; and King Koffee may yet be consoled with another of equal splendor and amplitude.

Many things go to the working of a perfect cameo—absolute certainty and vigor of handling by the artist, for in so small a compass mistakes can not be rectified, and the work must be done "all of a blow," as the French say; a thorough artistic perception of the influence of color upon the effects of form; genius, in short, and training the most thorough. The artist who is to make a perfect cameo must possess all the knowledge he would require to enable him to plan a church as large as St. Peter's (we do not say to build, but to plan such a church, observe), or to compose a frieze like that of the Parthenon. With all this, his work will deceive and disappoint him, unless he is able to command a faultless material to work in. And this, as Dogberry says, is "the effect of fortune." To obtain one perfect onyx or sardonyx, the artist must often be able to throw away fifty only less than perfect. Some of the first of the antique cameos, in point of design and execution—some even of those which have preserved to us the noble groups, else lost for ever, of the great Greek sculptors—are sadly minified in charm by the defects in the stone. The superb Hunsdon onyx of Lord Fitz Harding—that miracle of cinque-cento work—owes its high repute almost as much to the extraordinary perfection of the tricolored stone, as to the skill and power with which the fable of Andromeda has been represented thereon.

The cameos of Starr & Marcus, at 22 John Street (up stairs), in this city, are peculiarly worthy of attention and study in this respect. One representing the approach of the Magi to Bethlehem, in brown onyx, exquisitely shaded, would not suffer by a comparison with the Hunsdon sardonyx itself. We are not surprised to learn that it commanded a prize at each of the great exhibitions of London, Paris, and Vienna.—[*Com.*]

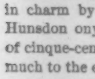
We have pleasure in drawing attention to the advertisement, on another page, of the Houghton Automatic House Pump, which receives the deserved praise of so competent a judge as Mr. Richard M. Hoe.—[*Com.*]

ADVERTISEMENTS.

FOR MOTH PATCHES,

Freckles, and Tan, ask your druggist for PERRY'S MOTH AND FRECKLE LOTION, which is harmless, and in every case infallible; or, for his Improved Comedone and Pimple Remedy, the great Skin Medicine for Pimples, Blackhead or Fleshworms. Consult B. C. PERRY, the noted Skin Doctor,
49 Bond St., New York.

THE BEST "ELASTIC TRUSS" (for rupture) without metal springs is made by Pomeroy & Co., 744 Broadway, New York. Price $4 00, by mail. They also sell the best "Elastic Stockings" for enlarged veins, weak joints, &c., and Elastic supporting and Riding Belts. Apply to them in person or by letter.



FIELD, Opera, Marine, Tourist's, and general out-door day and night Double Perspective Glasses, of extraordinary power and wide field of observation. Eye-glasses and Spectacles to strengthen and improve the sight, without the distressing effect of frequent changes. Catalogue sent by inclosing stamp.
SEMMONS, Oculist's Optician, 687 Broadway, N. Y.

ENGLISH CHANNEL PRETTY FEET should be shod in ENGLISH CHANNEL Shoes. All ladies insist on having them. They show a dark line around the sole near the edge. They never wear ragged. They wear longer and cost no more.

CURLICA curls any Hair beautifully. 25 cents. Address Dr. WALSH, 25 Front St., Brooklyn, N.Y.

LAST CHANCE
FOR
AN EASY FORTUNE!

FIFTH AND LAST GIFT CONCERT
IN AID OF THE
PUBLIC LIBRARY OF KY.

JULY 31st, 1874.

LIST OF GIFTS.

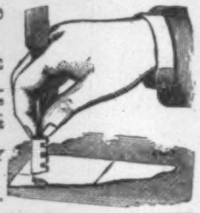
One Grand Cash Gift		$250,000
One Grand Cash Gift		100,000
One Grand Cash Gift		75,000
One Grand Cash Gift		50,000
One Grand Cash Gift		25,000
5 Cash Gifts,	$20,000 each,	100,000
10 Cash Gifts,	14,000 each,	140,000
15 Cash Gifts,	10,000 each,	150,000
20 Cash Gifts,	5,000 each,	100,000
25 Cash Gifts,	4,000 each,	100,000
30 Cash Gifts,	3,000 each,	90,000
50 Cash Gifts,	2,000 each,	100,000
100 Cash Gifts,	1,000 each,	100,000
240 Cash Gifts,	500 each,	120,000
500 Cash Gifts,	100 each,	50,000
19,000 Cash Gifts,	50 each,	950,000

Grand Total 20,000 Gifts, all Cash, $2,500,000

PRICE OF TICKETS.

Whole Tickets,	$ 50 00
Halves	25 00
Tenths, or each Coupon	5 00
11 Whole Tickets for	500 00
22 1-2 Tickets for	1,000 00

For Tickets or information,
Address
THO. E. BRAMLETTE,
Agent and Manager,
Public Library Building, Louisville, Ky.;
Or, **THOS. H. HAYS & CO.,** Eastern Agents,
609 Broadway, N. Y.



Lovejoy's New Style
GLASS CUTTER
And Putty Knife

Cuts glass better than a diamond. Everybody should have one. Any child can use it. Sent to your address on receipt of 50 cents and stamp by
ALVAN L. LOVEJOY
229 Washington St.,
Boston, - - - Mass.

RUPTURE.

Extract from Report of Board of Medical Officers, convened to examine Trusses and select the Best in accordance with an Act of Congress, approved May 28th, 1872:

"The Board is of the opinion that those principles which belong to a proper Truss are best carried out by the *Common-Sense Truss,* manufactured by Messrs. Bartlett, Butman, & Parker, of Chicago, and are therefore recommended by the Board as the best."

BRAZIL NORRIS, Surgeon, U. S. A., *President.*
J. C. ROSSE, Assistant-Surgeon, U. S. A., *Secretary.*
J. J. WOODWARD, Assistant-Surgeon, U. S. A.
GEO. A. OTIS, Assistant-Surgeon, U. S. A.

"The above recommendation of the Board of Medical Officers with regard to Trusses is approved."
J. H. BARNES, Surgeon-General, U. S. A.

The Common-Sense Truss is the only truss that positively cures Rupture. The U. S. Government furnishes one free to each soldier ruptured in the late war. Send stamp for Pamphlet.
BARTLETT, BUTMAN, & PARKER,
60 State St., Chicago, Ill.

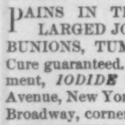
CHIVALRIE

That splendid New Field Game which created such an excitement at Newport, Long Branch, and elsewhere, last season, will be brought out this SPRING, in sets, of 8 different styles, at following prices: $8 00, $12 50, $25 00, $50 00, $100, $250, $500, $1000. As this beautiful game can not be described in a brief space, we will send an Illustrated Catalogue containing rules and full description, free to any one, on application.
WEST & LEE GAME CO., Worcester, Mass.

THREE PLY ROOFING,
In Use Ten Years.

A good article, well recommended, and suitable for either steep or flat roofs. Send for Circular and Samples. MICA ROOFING CO., 73 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

PAINS IN THE BACK, RHEUMATISM, ENLARGED JOINTS OF THE FEET OR HANDS, BUNIONS, TUMORS, FELONS, SORE THROAT. Cure guaranteed. WILLIAM M. GILES & CO. Liniment, *IODIDE OF AMMONIA.* Depot, 451 Sixth Avenue, New York; also, HUDNUT, *Herald* Building, Broadway, corner Ann Street.



Pollak's Meerschaums.
Pipes and holders cut to order, repaired, and Boiled. 27 John St. Send for circular. P. O. Box 5009.

Fire-Works In quantities to suit, at Wholesale Prices. Send for Descriptive Price-List. S. J. PARSELLS, 36 John St., N. Y.

W. L. HAYDEN, Teacher of Guitar and Flute. Agent for *Tilton's Patent Guitars,* the best in use. Dealer in Musical Instruments, Music and Strings. Catalogues free.
120 Tremont St., Boston, Mass.

CUSTOM-CUT SHIRT PATTERNS, $1 00. Instructions for Self-measurement free by mail. SEYMOUR & HENDERSON, Fine Custom Shirts, 698 Broadway, N. Y.

WANTED.—A case of either Diabetes, Gravel, Inflammation of Kidneys and Bladder, or Brick Dust Deposit, that "Constitution Water" will not cure. For sale by all druggists.

Keith, Baldwin, & Co.,
Manufacturers and Proprietors of the
Walking Motion
TREADLE
FOR
Sewing-Machines.
"SAPP'S PATENT,"
Improved.
235 SUPERIOR STREET,
Cleveland, Ohio.

This great sanitary invention is recommended by the most distinguished physicians, as removing the cause of injury to those who use the Sewing-Machine, and making its use a pleasant and healthful exercise. Its stationary heel and alternate toe motion give perfect rest to the body. It is simple, strong, and silent.
☞ *Agents Wanted in all unoccupied Territory.*

Established 1858.

PRINCE'S 72lbs. Metal in the 100 lbs. WARRANTED FIRE PROOF 300 lbs. N. Y. METALLIC PAINT.

TRADE MARK PATENTED.

The best and cheapest Paint in the world for Iron, Tin or Wood. For sale by the Trade everywhere. PRINCE'S METALLIC PAINT CO., Manufacturers, 96 Cedar St., New York.
CAUTION.—Purchasers and consumers are cautioned against imitations of our Metallic Paint. All genuine *PRINCE'S METALLIC PAINT* will bear our name and trade mark on each and every package. Send for a circular.

Save Fifty Dollars!

THE NEW FLORENCE.

PRICE, $20 below } *any other first-class*
VALUE, $30 above } *Sewing-Machine.*

SAVED, $50 *by buying the Florence.*

Every machine warranted.
Special terms to clubs and dealers.
Send for circulars to the
Florence S.-M. Co., Florence, Mass.;
or, 39 Union Square, New York.

Important to American Travellers in Europe.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York,
Have Just Published
A REVISED AND ENLARGED EDITION OF
Harper's Guide-Book
FOR
Travellers in Europe and the East.
ESPECIALLY ADAPTED TO
AMERICAN TOURISTS.
WITH OVER 100 MAPS AND PLANS OF CITIES.
By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE,
Author of "Harper's Phrase-Book," and "History of the Rise and Fall of the Paris Commune."

In Three Volumes, 12mo, Full Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $3 per Volume.

VOL. I.—Great Britain, Ireland, France, Belgium, and Holland.
VOL. II.—Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, and Greece.
VOL. III.—Switzerland, Tyrol, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, and Spain.

Or, the Three Vols. in one, similar Binding, $7.

The object of this work is to give a distinct and clear outline, or a skeleton tour, through the different cities and places of interest in Europe and the East; the names of the principal works of art by the leading masters in all the galleries; the fees expected by the different custodians; the names and charges of the principal hotels; the cost of travelling the different routes, and the time employed; all the items in reference to the transportation of luggage, and the innumerable small charges which tend to swell the account of travelling expenses. With this single volume the tourist may travel comfortably without a courier, at a saving of twenty-five per cent. in expenses, and unincumbered with a library of guide-books costing from $60 to $70, in addition to the charges upon their weight. Those *who have been* in Europe, and those *who can not go* to Europe, will both find in this work a fund of entertainment; the first to read up and remember what *they have* seen, and the second what *they ought* to have seen.

FROM THE U. S. MINISTER TO GREECE.
(Late U. S. Consul General at Paris.)
55 Rue de Chateaudun, Paris, *Sept.* 10, 1873.

My Dear Mr. Fetridge:

I have received and examined with lively interest the new and extended edition of your extremely valuable "Hand-Book for Travellers in Europe and the East." You have evidently spared no time or pains in consolidating the results of your wide travel, your great experience. You succeed in presenting to the traveller the most valuable guide and friend with which I have the good fortune to be acquainted. With the warmest thanks, I beg you to receive the most cordial congratulations of yours, very faithfully,
John Meredith Read, Jr.
W. Pembroke Fetridge, Esq.

☞ Harper & Brothers *will send the above work by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States or Great Britain, on receipt of the price.*

TYPE **Great Bargains in New Type,** in small fonts for Amateurs. Catalogue sent by JOSEPH WATSON, Manufacturer for the Young America Press, 53 Murray Street, New York, and 8 Province Street, Boston, Mass.

MASONIC.

SECOND AND LAST
GRAND GIFT CONCERT
IN AID OF THE
Masonic Relief Association
OF NORFOLK, VA.
THURSDAY, SEPT. 3, 1874.

Under authority of a Special Act of the Virginia Legislature, passed March 8th, 1873.

50,000 TICKETS—6,000 CASH GIFTS.

$250,000
TO BE GIVEN AWAY.

A NEW FEATURE, TO WIT:—*A Prize is Guaranteed to one of every ten Consecutive Numbers.*

LIST OF GIFTS.

ONE GRAND CASH GIFT OF		$30,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT OF		25,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT OF		20,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT OF		10,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT OF		5,000
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT OF		2,500
ONE GRAND CASH GIFT OF		2,000
15 *Cash Gifts of*	$1000 *each*	15,000
28 *Cash Gifts of*	500 *each*	14,000
43 *Cash Gifts of*	250 *each*	10,750
79 *Cash Gifts of*	150 *each*	11,850
250 *Cash Gifts of*	100 *each*	25,000
578 *Cash Gifts of*	50 *each*	28,900
5000 *Cash Gifts of*	10 *each*	50,000
6000 *CASH GIFTS, aggregating*		$250,000

PRICES OF TICKETS.

Whole Tickets	$10 00
Half Tickets	5 00
Quarter Tickets	2 50
11 Whole or 22 Half Tickets for	100 00

No Discount on less amount.

NO INDIVIDUAL BENEFITS.

This Concert is strictly for MASONIC purposes, and will be conducted with the same liberality, honesty, and fairness which characterized the first enterprize.
JOHN L. ROPER, Pres't.

For Tickets and Circulars giving full information, apply to the Home Office, NORFOLK, VA., or the Branch Office of the Association (Room 25), 78 and 80 BROADWAY, NEW YORK CITY.
HENRY V. MOORE, Secretary.

N.B.—Tickets entitled to Gifts not exceeding One Hundred Dollars, if purchased, directly or indirectly, at the New York Branch, will be paid there, on presentation, without charge, for thirty days from the fifth day after the drawing.

LOVEJOY'S METALLIC WEATHER HOUSES
Indicate the changes in the weather, and are pretty mantel ornaments. The little lady appears in fair and the man in stormy weather, and they never make mistakes. Sent prepaid to any address, safely packed, upon receipt of $2 00 (Two), by
ALVAN L. LOVEJOY,
Proprietor & Manufacturer,
229 Washington St., Boston.
Special price to dealers.

HENRY CAPT,
Watch Manufacturer,
GENEVA,
Has transferred his Repair Department to
L. C. LAMBELET, No. 19 John St., N.Y.
New address will be advertised as soon as we re-open.

Bookwalter Engine.
The lowest-priced good Engine ever constructed; Boiler & Engine made of the best Charcoal Iron. Compact, substantial, economical, and easily-managed; Boiler, Governor, Pump, and all Trimmings complete for running at low price of (boxing excepted):

3	Horse Power	$250 00
4½	" "	300 00

☞ Delivered on Cars at Shops.
FOOSE & JAYNE,
109 Liberty Street, New York.

BASE-BALL, ARCHERY, CRICKET, | LACROSSE, CROQUET, FOOT-BALL,
And all OUT & INDOOR GAMES.
Also, Clocks, Bronzes, French China, the only and original St. Germain or German Study Lamps, wholesale and retail. ☞ Send for Price-List.
C. F. A. Hinrichs, 29-33 PARK PLACE, (Up Stairs), New York.

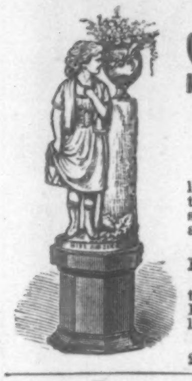
PERFECTION!
BOKER'S BITTERS.
Beware of Counterfeits.

A.—PAVILION HOTEL; New **Brighton, Staten Island, N. Y.,** is now open. Parties wishing fine, large, airy rooms should apply immediately. Fresh and salt water Baths in the house. Boats leave every half hour from foot of Whitehall and Dey Streets. Terms moderate.
BARR & CUTLER, Proprietors.

STEWART'S
SLATE & MARBLE MANTELS
220 & 222 WEST 23D ST. N.Y.

TRAVELING IN CARS MADE **DELIGHTFUL.** COLDS AND SORE EYES PREVENTED BY USING THE NEW DUST SHIELD AND VENTILATOR FOR CAR WINDOWS; KEEPS OUT ALL DUST, SMOKE, CINDERS, &c. CREATES COUNTER-CURRENT OF AIR. IS VERY NEAT. **TOURISTS** AGENTS WANTED. FITS SATCHEL OR POCKET. SENT POSTPAID, FOR 75 CTS. IF IN DOUBT, SEE VIEWS OF THE PRESS SENT WITH CIRCULAR FREE
HALE, KILBURN & CO. 48 & 50 N. 6th St. Phila. Pa.

THE TOLL-GATE! Prize Picture sent free! An ingenious gem! 50 objects to find! Address, with stamp, E. C. ABBEY, Buffalo, N. Y.



ROGERS' STATUARY.

"Hide-and-Seek —Whoop!"

A new design for the lawn. Guaranteed to stand the weather. Figure life-size. Vase of iron for earth and flowers.

Price $50. Cast-iron Pedestal, $15.

Inclose 10 cents for Illustrated Catalogue and Price-List, and Photographs of lawn subjects, to

JOHN ROGERS,
212 Fifth Avenue, New York.

Cut Paper Patterns

OF

LADIES' AND CHILDREN'S SUITS

IN

HARPER'S BAZAR.

These Patterns are GRADED TO FIT ANY FIGURE, and are *fitted with the greatest accuracy*, so as to be adjusted by the most inexperienced. Printed Directions accompany each Pattern. The bust measure is taken for Ladies by passing a tape around the body under the arms, across the largest part of the shoulder blades, and two inches above the fullest part of the chest; and for Children, straight around the body under the arms.

The following Patterns are now ready:

Vol. IV.

LADY'S GORED WRAPPER	No. 5
LADY'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK	" 11
CHILD'S GABRIELLE DRESS AND WALKING COAT (for child from 6 months to 4 years old)	" 27
INFANT'S WARDROBE (Cloak, Gored Robe, Yoke Slip, Night Slip, Petticoat, and Shirt)	" 35
LADY'S WATTEAU WRAPPER	" 42
GIRL'S WATER-PROOF CLOAK (for girl from 5 to 15 years old)	" 44
GENTLEMAN'S SHORT DRESSING-GOWN AND SMOKING-CAP	" 46
PLAIN-WAIST HOUSE DRESS, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 48

Vol. V.

LADY'S SACQUE WRAPPER	" 4
LADY'S LINGERIE (Dressing Sacque, Corset Cover, Night Sacque, Yoke Night Dress, Yoke Chemise, and Drawers)	" 6
LADY'S POSTILION-BASQUE WRAPPER	" 23
ALBERT VICTOR SAILOR SUIT (for boy from 4 to 12 years old)	" 25
GENTLEMAN'S LINGERIE (French Yoke Shirt, Night Shirt, Drawers, and Long Dressing Gown)	" 37
HIGHLAND SUIT (for boy from 2 to 5 years old)	" 39
BASQUE, with Grecian Cape, Open-front Over-skirt, and Full Trained Skirt	" 39
FULL DRESS TOILETTE (Low-Necked Basque with Grecian Bertha, Trained Over-skirt, and Round Skirt)	" 50

Vol. VI.

DOLMAN VEST-POLONAISE STREET SUIT	" 7
TIGHT BASQUE, with Apron-front Over-skirt and Walking Skirt	" 11
GIRL'S WARDROBE, Sacque, Sailor Blouse and Skirt, Basque fastened behind, Over-skirt, Low-Necked Over Dress, and Bretelle Apron (for girl from 2 to 13 years old)	" 13
SLEEVELESS JACKET WALKING SUIT	" 15
CHATELAINE REDINGOTE WALKING SUIT	" 17
LOOSE FRONT DOUBLE-BREASTED POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 23
GABRIELLE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 24
BLOUSE POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 28
LADIES' AND MISSES' BATHING OR GYMNASTIC SUIT	" 30
PLEATED WAIST WALKING SUIT	" 32
DOUBLE-BREASTED JOCKEY BASQUE WALKING SUIT	" 32
ENGLISH WALKING JACKET SUIT	" 39
DEMI-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT, with Basque Back and Square Front	" 43
TIGHT-FITTING DOUBLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE, with French Round Skirt	" 45
SINGLE-BREASTED BASQUINE, with Short Pouf Walking Skirt	" 47
DOUBLE-BREASTED PLAIN BASQUE, with Apron Front and Square Back Over-skirt and Long Walking Skirt	" 47
DOLMAN DEMI-TRAINED SUIT	" 48
WATER-PROOF CLOAK, with Cape and Sleeves	" 50
TIGHT-FITTING SINGLE-BREASTED REDINGOTE HOUSE DRESS	" 50
BOY'S WARDROBE, Sack Overcoat with Cape, Jacket, Vest, Knee Pantaloons, and Knickerbockers (for boy from 4 to 9 years old)	" 52

Vol. VII.

YOUTH'S WARDROBE, Sack Overcoat, Double-Breasted English Walking Coat, Double-Breasted Vest, and Suspender Pantaloons (for youth from 8 to 15 years old)	" 1
ENGLISH BASQUE, LONG OVER-SKIRT, and WALKING SKIRT	" 11
HENRI TROIS POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 13
HENRI TROIS BASQUE, with Greek Over-skirt and French Round Skirt	" 15
MEDICIS SACQUE, with Demi Over-skirt and Demi-Trained Skirt	" 17
MEDICIS BASQUE, with Apron Front Over-Skirt and Long Walking Skirt	" 19
VALOIS DEMI-POLONAISE WALKING SUIT	" 21
LADY'S RIDING HABIT (Postillion Basque and English Riding Skirt)	" 22
BELTED BASQUE, with Long Apron and Demi-Trained Skirt	" 23
GIRL'S BASQUE, with Apron Front Over-skirt, and Skirt (for girl from 4 to 13 years old)	" 25
PLAIN BASQUE, LONG APRON with SCARF BACK, and DEMI-TRAINED SKIRT	" 27

The Publishers will send either Pattern by mail, prepaid, on receipt of TWENTY-FIVE CENTS. Nine Patterns will be sent for $2 00. No patterns separated or exchanged.

In ordering, please specify the Number of paper containing Suit, and send Bust Measure. Dealers supplied at the usual discount.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

$200 A MONTH TO AGENTS to sell the IMPROVED "HOME SHUTTLE" SEWING MACHINE, the only practical, low-priced "Lock Stitch" Sewing Machine ever invented. Address JOHNSON, CLARK & Co., Boston, Mass.; New York City; Pittsburgh, Pa.; Chicago, Ill.; Louisville, Ky., or St. Louis, Mo.

PARTIES having for sale **Angora**, grade, and common **GOATS** suitable for breeding purposes, may address JARVIS & CO., 29 Broadway, N. Y. City.

BEARDLESS young men, grow a Beard by using Ursina; 25c. DR. WALSH, 25 Front St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

GEO. W. READ & CO.,

STEAM-BAND SAW AND VENEER-CUTTING MILL,

186 to 200 LEWIS ST., foot 5th & 6th Sts., E. R., N. Y.

Always on hand FULL STOCK of SEASONED

HARD-WOOD LUMBER

AND CHOICE FIGURED VENEERS.

The LARGEST STOCK! The GREATEST VARIETY! The Lowest Prices!

☞ Enclose Stamp for Catalogue and Price-List. Orders by mail promptly and faithfully executed.

Imitation Silver Watches.

American Style, 8 oz., $18; 6 oz., $15; 5 oz., $13; 4 oz.) $12; 3 oz., $10. Chains to match, $2, $3, $4 and $5 each. Send Stamp for Illustrated Circular. Order six at once, and you get one free. No AGENTS. Sent by Express, C.O.D. COLLINS METAL WATCH FACTORY, 335 Broadway, New York. Box 3696. Send Postal Orders and we will send goods free.

HARPER'S PERIODICALS FOR 1874.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE.

There is no monthly Magazine an intelligent reading family can less afford to be without. Many Magazines are accumulated. *Harper's* is edited. There is not a Magazine that is printed which shows more intelligent pains expended on its articles and mechanical execution. There is not a cheaper Magazine published. There is not, confessedly, a more popular Magazine in the world.—*New England Homestead.*

A repository of biography and history, literature, science, and art, unequaled by any other American publication.—*N. Y. Standard.*

The most popular and, in its scheme, the most original of our Magazines.—*Nation.*

HARPER'S WEEKLY. JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION

The best publication of its class in America, and so far ahead of all other weekly journals as not to permit of any comparison between it and any of their number. Its columns contain the finest collections of reading-matter that are printed. * * * Its illustrations are numerous and beautiful, being furnished by the chief artists of the country.—*Boston Traveler.*

Harper's Weekly deserves its primacy in this class of publications, alike for the value of its reading-matter and the excellence of its illustrations. The editorials on public affairs are models of discussion, weighty and temperate, supporting high principles in an elevated tone and a chastened literary style.—*Examiner and Chronicle.*

HARPER'S BAZAR.

It is really the only illustrated chronicler of fashion in the country. Its supplements alone are worth the subscription price of the paper. While fully maintaining its position as a mirror of fashion, it also contains stories, poems, brilliant essays, besides general and personal gossip.—*Boston Saturday Evening Gazette.*

There never was any paper published that so delighted the heart of woman. Never mind if it does cost you a new bonnet; it will save you ten times the price in the household economy it teaches.—*Providence Journal.*

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, and BAZAR.

One copy of either will be sent for one year, POSTAGE PREPAID, to any Subscriber in the United States, on receipt of Four Dollars by the Publishers.

HARPER'S MAGAZINE, HARPER'S WEEKLY, and HARPER'S BAZAR, for one year, $10 00; or any two for $7 00: postage payable by the Subscriber at the office where received.

An Extra Copy of either the MAGAZINE, WEEKLY, *or* BAZAR *will be supplied gratis for every Club of* FIVE SUBSCRIBERS *at $4 00 each, in one remittance; or, Six Copies for $20 00, without extra copy: postage payable at the offices where received.*

The Postage within the United States is for the MAGAZINE 24 cents a year, for the WEEKLY or BAZAR 20 cents a year, payable yearly, semi-yearly, or quarterly, at the office where received. Subscriptions from the Dominion of Canada must be accompanied with 24 cents additional for the MAGAZINE, or 20 cents for the WEEKLY or BAZAR, to prepay the U. S. postage.

The Volumes of the MAGAZINE commence with the Numbers for June and December of each year. Subscriptions may commence with any Number. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to begin with the first Number of the current Volume, and back Numbers will be sent accordingly.

The Volumes of the WEEKLY and BAZAR commence with the year. When no time is specified, it will be understood that the subscriber wishes to commence with the Number next after the receipt of his order.

In remitting by mail, a Post-Office Order or Draft payable to the order of HARPER & BROTHERS is preferable to Bank Notes, since, should the Order or Draft be lost or stolen, it can be renewed without loss to the sender.

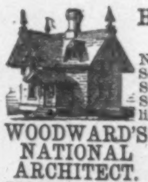
TERMS FOR ADVERTISING IN HARPER'S WEEKLY AND HARPER'S BAZAR.

Harper's Weekly.—Inside Pages, $2 00 per Line; Outside Page, $4 00 per Line—each insertion.

Harper's Bazar.—$1 00 per Line; Cuts and Display, $1 25 per Line—each insertion.

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

AGENTS Send Stamp for Illustrated Catalogue. Boston Novelty Co., Boston, Mass.



Hussey's National Cottage Architecture. New & Original Designs, Working Scale Drawings, and Details for all Styles of low-priced Houses, with Specifications and Cost. Just published. Royal quarto. Postpaid, $6.

WOODWARD'S NATIONAL ARCHITECT. 1,000 WORKING DRAWINGS, **Plans, Details,** Specifications, and Estimates. TWELVE DOLLARS, postpaid.

MONCKTON'S NATIONAL STAIRBUILDER. SIX DOLLARS, postpaid.

MONCKTON'S NATIONAL CARPENTER and JOINER. SIX DOLLARS, postpaid.

Orange Judd Company, 245 Broadway, N. Y.

LAST CHANCE!!

SHORTEST ROUTE TO FORTUNE!

☞ $100,000 for only $2 50.

At a public meeting of the citizens of Leavenworth, it was resolved to postpone the Drawing of the *Grand Gift Concert in aid of a Juvenile Reform School* until **June 30, 1874,** at which time 40,000 prizes, amounting to $450,000, will be distributed among the ticket-holders.

One Prize guaranteed in every package of 11 tickets. Single Tickets, $2 50; 5 for $12; 11 for $25. But few tickets left; and as our sales are rapid, purchasers should order at once. Any money arriving too late will be returned. Good, reliable Agents wanted every where. For full particulars, address

SIMON ABELES, Leavenworth, Kan.

MAGIC INKSTAND

ECONOMY! UTILITY!!

☞ Ink for 100 years from the

MAGIC INKSTAND,

Without refilling. Any color sent, postpaid, on receipt of $2, by

R. C. ROOT, ANTHONY, & CO.,
Stationers, New York.

☞ Send for Circular, containing testimonials, &c.

FIFTY BOOKS — FIVE BIBLES **Our Combination Prospectus** represents **Fifty** different **Books** wanted in every Family. Best thing ever tried. **Our Grand Bible Combination** represents **Five** distinct **Bibles** —English and German, Protestant and Catholic—the finest and most salable ever offered to the American People. Send for full particulars to **JOHN E. POTTER & CO.,** Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa. **AGENTS WANTED.**

STUDENTS and others, who desire to improve their own pecuniary condition and supply the intellectual needs of their fellows, are requested to address AVERY BILL, care of Messrs. HARPER & BROTHERS, Franklin Square, New York, who wants Canvassing Agents to sell *M'Clintock & Strong's Cyclopædia of Biblical, Theological, and Ecclesiastical Literature; The History, Essays, Orations, &c., of the Sixth General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance; The Life of Christ,* by Lyman Abbott; *The Land and Book,* by Thomson; *Morning and Evening Exercises,* by the Rev. H. W. Beecher, and other desirable books. Terms Liberal. Address as above.

KIT CARSON. By his comrade, D. W. Peters, U. S. A. The only Authentic and Authorized Life published; **600** pages; beautifully illustrated. *Agents wanted every where.* 20,000 already sold. Circulars of all our works free. Address DUSTIN, GILMAN, & CO., Hartford, Conn.

TYPE. Type put up expressly for Amateur Printers by the New England Type Foundry, 105 Washington St., Boston, Mass. Send stamp for specimen book.

CONSTANT EMPLOYMENT—At home, male or female; $30 a week warranted. No capital required. Particulars and valuable sample sent free. Address, with 6c. return stamp, C. ROSS, Williamsburgh, N. Y.

Free SAMPLE to Agents. Ladies' Combination Needle-Book, with Chromos. Send stamp. DEAN & Co., New Bedford, Mass.

EDISON'S INDUCTORIUM. A powerful Electrical Shocking Coil. Send for Circular. EDISON & MURRAY, Newark, N. J.

Novelty Depot. All the best, useful Novelties, Chromos, Pens, Stationery, &c. Agents Wanted. Catalogue free. PLUMB & Co., Philadelphia, Pa.

ADDRESS N. S. DODGE, M.D. Throat and Lung Affections cured by **INHALATIONS.** 158 South Halsted Street, Chicago, Ill.

GLASS CARDS RED, BLUE, GREEN, clear and transparent. Your name beautifully printed on 1 doz. in GOLD and post paid for 50 cts., 3 doz. for $1. sample 10 cents. Must have agents EVERYWHERE. Outfits 25 cts., $5. a day EASY! also, "Awake and Asleep," two pretty chromos. 50 cts. postpaid. Big discount to Agts. also Bristol & Snowflake Cards. Write to day. Address F. W. STILES & CO. Springfield, Vt.

$180 EACH WEEK to active **AGENTS.** Something new and reliable. Write at once. COWGILL & CO., Kalamazoo, Michigan.

$600 A MONTH made *honestly* with Stencil and Key-Check outfits. Catalogue and samples free. S. M. SPENCER, 117 Hanover St., Boston, Mass.

A FORTUNE FOR ALL, in the Rubber Stamp Business. Address Dorman's Stencil and Stamp Works, BALTIMORE, MD.

WEEK'S DOINGS in WALL STREET. Explains stock operations on small capital without risk. Copy sent free. **Tumbridge & Co., 2 Wall St., N. Y.**

SHORT HAND.—**150** words per minute in **4 weeks.** Send stamp for circular. J. A. GRAY, P. O. Box **4847, N. Y.**

$5 TO $20 per day at home. Terms free. Address GEO. STINSON & Co., Portland, Maine.

$10 A DAY. Employment for all. Patent Novelties. GEO. L. FELTON & Co., 119 Nassau St., N. Y.

$72 EACH WEEK. Agents wanted; particulars free. J. WORTH & CO., St. Louis, Mo.

AGENTS WANTED.—Men or women. $34 a week or $100 forfeited. *Valuable samples free.* Write at once to F. M. REED, Eighth St., New York.

$2400 Yearly to Agents. 54 new articles and the best Family Paper in America, with two $5 Chromos. Family Journal. 300 Br'way. N. Y.

Samples from B. E. Hale & CO., 56 and 58 Park Place, N. Y. Sole Agents for Eastern States.

BUILDING PAPER! FOR SHEATHING, ROOFING, DEAFENING, CARPET LINING, AND PLASTERING.

Samples from Rock River Paper Company, Chicago, Ills.

HARPER & BROTHERS' SUMMER BOOK-LIST.

I.

UNDER THE TREES. By SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

II.

SCHWEINFURTH'S HEART OF AFRICA. The Heart of Africa; or, Three Years' Travels and Adventures in the Unexplored Regions of the Centre of Africa. From 1868 to 1871. By Dr. GEORG SCHWEINFURTH. Translated by ELLEN E. FREWER. With an Introduction by WINWOOD READE. Illustrated by about 130 Woodcuts from Drawings made by the Author, and with Two Maps. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $8 00.

III.

MOTLEY'S LIFE AND DEATH OF JOHN OF BARNEVELD, Advocate of Holland. With a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of "The Thirty Years' War." By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D.C.L., Author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," "History of the United Netherlands," &c. With Illustrations. In Two Volumes. 8vo, Cloth, $7 00. (Uniform with Motley's "Dutch Republic" and "United Netherlands.")

IV.

HARPER'S HAND-BOOK FOR TRAVELLERS IN EUROPE AND THE EAST. Being a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, and Spain. With over One Hundred Maps and Plans of Cities. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE, Author of "Harper's Phrase-Book," and "History of the Rise and Fall of the Paris Commune." In Three Vols., 12mo, Full Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $3 00 per Vol. (*the Vols. sold separately*); or, the Three Vols. in one, similar Binding, $7 00.

V.

EVANGELICAL ALLIANCE CONFERENCE, 1873. History, Essays, Orations, and Other Documents of the Sixth General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, held in New York, October 2–12, 1873. Edited by Rev. PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., and Rev. S. IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D. With Portraits of Rev. Messrs. Pronier, Carrasco, and Cook, recently deceased. 8vo, Cloth, nearly 800 pages, $6 00; Sheep, $7 00; Half Calf, $8 50.

VI.

FIVE-MINUTE CHATS WITH YOUNG WOMEN, and Certain Other Parties. By DIO LEWIS, Author of "Our Girls," &c., &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

VII.

NORTHERN CALIFORNIA AND THE SANDWICH ISLANDS. By CHARLES NORDHOFF, Author of "California: for Health, Pleasure, and Residence," &c., &c. Profusely Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

VIII.

A FAST LIFE ON THE MODERN HIGHWAY; Being a Glance into the Railroad World from a New Point of View. By JOSEPH TAYLOR. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50; Paper, $1 00.

IX.

THE DOCTRINE OF EVOLUTION: Its Data, its Principles, its Speculations, and its Theistic Bearings. By ALEXANDER WINCHELL, LL.D., Chancellor of Syracuse University, Author of "Sketches of Creation." "Geological Chart," Reports on the Geology and Physiography of Michigan, &c., &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 00.

THE NEW NOVELS

PUBLISHED BY

HARPER & BROTHERS, New York.

Robinson's Second-Cousin Sarah. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

Georgiana M. Craik's Miss Moore. A Tale for Girls. Illustrated. 16mo, Cloth, 90 cents.

My Mother and I. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

Payn's At Her Mercy. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

Anthony Trollope's Lady Anna. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

Benedict's John Worthington's Name. 8vo, Paper, $1 00; Cloth, $1 50.

Victor Hugo's Ninety-Three. 12mo, Cloth, $1 75; 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

Talbot's Through Fire and Water. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 25 cents.

Colonel Dacre. By the Author of "Caste." 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

Bulwer's Parisians. Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50; 8vo, Paper, $1 00.

Anthony Trollope's Phineas Redux. Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, $1 25; Cloth, $1 75.

The Blue Ribbon. By the Author of "St. Olave's," "Jeanie's Quiet Life," "Meta's Faith," &c. 8vo, Paper, 50 cents.

"Ship Ahoy!" Illustrated. 8vo, Paper, 40 cents.

Jeaffreson's Lottie Darling. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

Miss Braddon's Publicans and Sinners. 8vo, Paper, 75 cents.

Wilkie Collins's Novels. (Harper's Library Edition.) Now ready: The New Magdalen.—The Woman in White.—Poor Miss Finch.—Man and Wife.—The Dead Secret.—Basil.—Hide-and-Seek.—The Moonstone.—No Name.—Armadale.—Queen of Hearts.—My Miscellanies. With Illustrations. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50 each. Other volumes will be issued shortly.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send either of the above works by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S CATALOGUE *mailed free on receipt of Ten Cents in postage stamps.*

HARPER & BROTHERS,
FRANKLIN SQUARE, N. Y.

$2500 A Year

made with our splendid

COMBINATION PROSPECTUS.

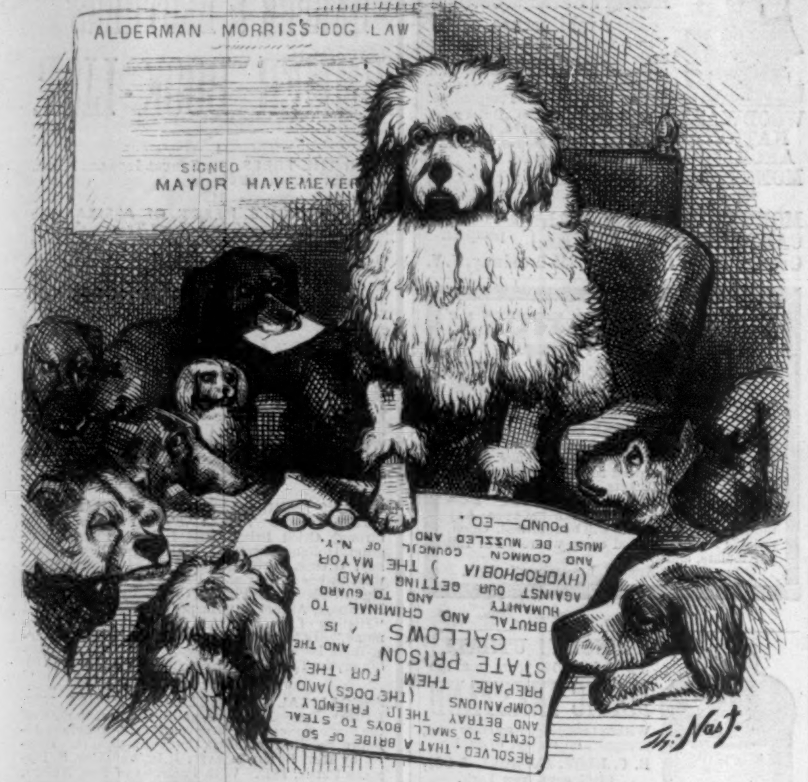
Represents **50** different books, wanted in every family. Agents wanted in every County and Town in the United States, to make a permanent business on these works.

SALES SURE AND PROFITS LARGE.

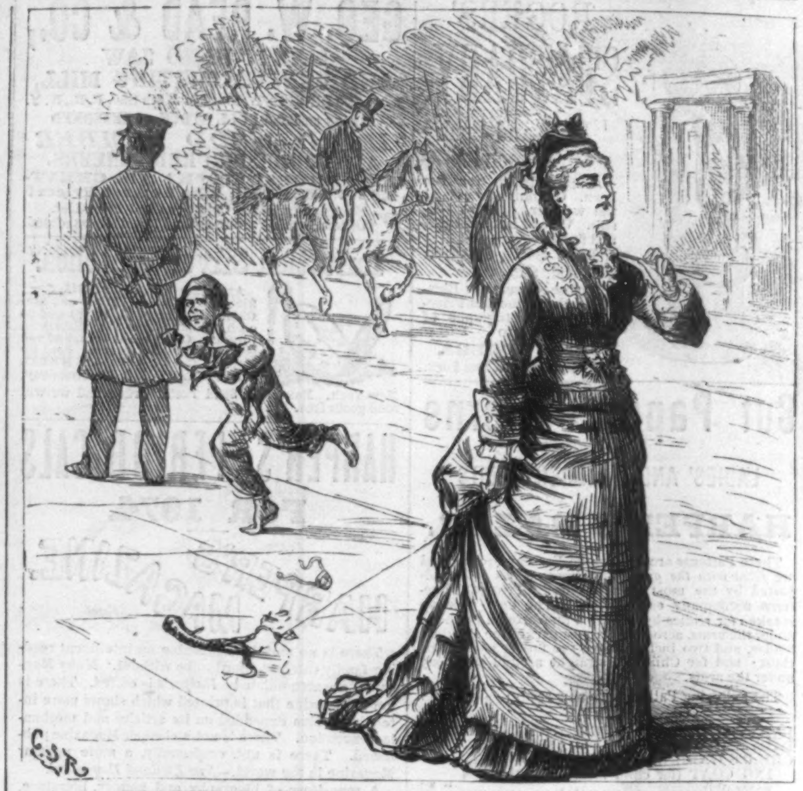
Complete outfit sent postpaid on receipt of $1 50, enabling you to commence at once. For outfit and full particulars, address JOHN E. POTTER & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia, Pa.

MASONIC.—Wanted, F. A. M. as agents for the magnificent illustrated work with Premium Chromo. The best chance ever offered. Send for descriptive catalogue and terms. REDDING & Co., Publishers of Standard Masonic Works, 731 Broadway, New York.

$20 PER DAY. 1000 Agents wanted. Particulars free. A. H. BLAIR & CO., St. Louis, Mo.


ALDERMAN MORRIS'S DOG LAW
SIGNED
MAYOR HAVEMEYER
RESOLVED, THAT A BRIBE OF 50 CENTS TO SMALL BOYS TO STEAL AND BETRAY THEIR FRIENDLY COMPANIONS (THE DOGS) AND PREPARE THEM FOR THE STATE PRISON AND THE GALLOWS, IS BRUTAL AND CRIMINAL TO HUMANITY AND TO GUARD AGAINST OUR GETTING MAD (HYDROPHOBIA) THE MAYOR AND COMMON COUNCIL OF N.Y. MUST BE MUZZLED AND POUND—ED.
Th: Nast.

"LAYING DOWN THE LAW."—After Sir Edwin Landseer.



PRACTICAL WORKING OF THE NEW DOG LAW.

WOOD BROTHERS' CO.
Offer a handsome assortment of Superior
Cabriolets, Victorias, T Carts,
and Pony Phaetons,
OF THEIR OWN UNRIVALED MANUFACTURE,
FROM NEW DESIGNS,
At a LARGE DISCOUNT from former prices.
Warerooms, 740 Broadway, New York.

HOUGHTON'S
AUTOMATIC HOUSE PUMP.
Furnishes an abundant and constant supply of water throughout the loftiest dwellings in city and country. Operated by usual kitchen-range fire. Requires no care, labor, or attention. Send stamp for Illustrated Circular and references.
GEO. B. ELY & Co.,
88 Liberty St., N.Y.

N. Y. City, June 19, 1874.
I have had one of Houghton's Automatic house pumps working in my house at West Farms for the past year very satisfactorily indeed, and confidently recommend it to all.
RICHD. M. HOE.

THE BEST IN THE WORLD!
BLATCHLEY'S
Horizontal
ICE-CREAM FREEZER
(Tingley's Patent)
For Saloons, Hotels, Ice-Cream Manufacturers, or Families.
Stands entirely Unrivaled.
The closed Head will save Ice enough in one season to pay for the Machine. The Tub requires but one filling to freeze. Sizes, 3 to 40 quarts. For sale by the trade generally.
If you want the BEST, inquire for BLATCHLEY'S FREEZER. If not for sale in your town, send direct to
CHAS. G. BLATCHLEY, Manufacturer,
506 Commerce Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

FISHERMEN!
TWINES AND NETTING,
MANUFACTURED BY
WM. E. HOOPER & SONS,
☞ Send for Price-List. Baltimore, Md.

Magic Lanterns
ILLUSTRATED PRICED MANUALS in four parts, viz.: 1st, MATHEMATICAL; 2d, OPTICAL INSTRUMENTS; 3d, MAGIC LANTERN; 4th, PHYSICAL AND SCHOOL APPARATUS. Mailed to any address for 10 cts. each. JAMES W. QUEEN & CO.
601 Broadway, N. Y.; 924 Chestnut St., Philadelphia.

SOUND, SENSIBLE, AND SATISFACTORY—The Low Rate Cash Plan, in Life Insurance, of the TRAVELERS, of Hartford, Conn. Send for a Circular.

SUITS, $10, $15, $20. SUITS, $25, $30, $35, SUITS, $40, $50, $60.
CLOTHING. CLOTHING.
The stock for the present season is of unparalleled extent, and embraces all the most fashionable styles for all occasions and occupations.
ORDERS to measure promptly executed at Moderate Prices.
OVERCOATS for Spring in all New Fabrics, Colors, and Mixtures, $5, $10, $12, $15, $20, to $30.
BOYS' SUITS, all the Favorite Designs and Most Fashionable Materials for all Ages, $3, $5, $10, $15, $20 to $25.
FREEMAN & BURR.
CLOTHING WAREHOUSES,
138 and 140 Fulton St., New York.
CLOTHING. CLOTHING.
ORDERS BY MAIL.
FREEMAN & BURR'S NEW SYSTEM for Self-Measure, of which thousands avail themselves, enables parties in all parts of the country to order direct from them, with the certainty of receiving the most Perfect Fit Attainable.
RULES FOR SELF-MEASURE, Samples of Goods, Illustrated Book of Fashions, and Prices Sent Free on application.

Highest Premium Medal Awarded by American Institute.
H. W. JOHNS' PATENT
ASBESTOS ROOFING
ASBESTOS ROOF COATING, ASBESTOS AND MARINE PAINTS, ASBESTOS CEMENT, ASBESTOS BOILER FELTING, ASBESTOS BOARD and PAPER, SHEATHING FELTS, ASBESTOS, &c. These materials are prepared ready for use, and are put up for shipment to all parts of the world. ☞ Send for descriptive Pamphlets, Price-Lists, &c. *LIBERAL INDUCEMENTS TO GENERAL MERCHANTS AND DEALERS.*
Patentee and Sole Manufacturer, ESTABLISHED 1858. } H. W. JOHNS, 87 Maiden Lane, N. Y.

KNABE Grand, Square, & Upright PIANOS,
New York House, No. 112 Fifth Ave.
WM. KNABE & CO., BALTIMORE and NEW YORK.

UNION ADAMS & CO.
MANUFACTURE TO ORDER
FINE SHIRTS,
COLLARS, CUFFS, AND
DRAWERS.
637 BROADWAY.

THE IMPROVED
GOODENOUGH HORSE-SHOE
All fitted and punched ready for use. Every Breeder, every Farmer, every Horse-owner his own Farrier. No more Quarter Cracks, no more Corns, no Foot Ailments. Send for DESCRIPTIVE CIRCULARS to Box 3044, Post-Office, New York.

LAWRENCE BROTHERS & CO.,
BANKERS AND BROKERS,
No. 16 WALL STREET, NEW YORK.

EXCELSIOR
Printing Presses. *The Best Made!*
$6 Size for Cards, Labels, Envelopes, &c | $11 Size for Circulars, Etc.
Business Men do their own Printing and Advertising. Boys and Amateurs have delightful amusement and *money making*. Send stamp for circular, specimens, etc., to the Manufacturers,
KELSEY & CO., Meriden, Conn.

NEW AND VALUABLE BOOKS
PUBLISHED BY
HARPER & BROTHERS, NEW YORK.

☞ HARPER & BROTHERS *will send any of the following books by mail, postage prepaid, to any part of the United States, on receipt of the price.*

☞ HARPER'S NEW AND ENLARGED CATALOGUE, *with a* COMPLETE ANALYTIC INDEX, *sent by mail on receipt of Ten Cents.*

Under the Trees.
Under the Trees. By SAMUEL IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D. Crown 8vo, Cloth, $2 00.

Schweinfurth's Heart of Africa.
The Heart of Africa; or, Three Years' Travels and Adventures in the Unexplored Regions of the Centre of Africa. From 1868 to 1871. By Dr. GEORG SCHWEINFURTH. Translated by ELLEN E. FREWER. With an Introduction by WINWOOD READE. Illustrated by about 130 Woodcuts from Drawings made by the Author, and with Two Maps. 2 vols., 8vo, Cloth, $8 00.

My Mother and I.
My Mother and I. By the Author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." Illustrated. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

Motley's Life and Death of John of Barneveld.
Life and Death of John of Barneveld, Advocate of Holland. With a View of the Primary Causes and Movements of "The Thirty Years' War." By JOHN LOTHROP MOTLEY, D.C.L., Author of "The Rise of the Dutch Republic," "History of the United Netherlands," &c. With Illustrations. In Two Volumes. 8vo, Cloth, $7 00; Sheep, $8 00; Half Calf, $11 50. (Uniform with Motley's "Dutch Republic" and "United Netherlands.")

Evangelical Alliance Conference, 1873.
History, Essays, Orations, and Other Documents of the Sixth General Conference of the Evangelical Alliance, held in New York, October 2–12, 1873. Edited by Rev. PHILIP SCHAFF, D.D., and Rev. S. IRENÆUS PRIME, D.D. With Portraits of Rev. Messrs. Pronier, Carrasco, and Cook, recently deceased. 8vo, Cloth, nearly 800 pages, $6 00; Sheep, $7 00; Half Calf, $8 50.

Harper's Hand-Book for Travellers in Europe and the East.
Being a Guide through Great Britain and Ireland, France, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Italy, Egypt, Syria, Turkey, Greece, Switzerland, Tyrol, Denmark, Norway, Sweden, Russia, and Spain. With over One Hundred Maps and Plans of Cities. By W. PEMBROKE FETRIDGE, Author of "Harper's Phrase-Book" and "Rise and Fall of the Paris Commune." In Three Volumes, 12mo, Full Leather, Pocket-Book Form, $3 00 per vol. *(the vols. sold separately)*; or the Three Volumes in one, similar Binding, $7 00.

Nordhoff's Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands.
Northern California, Oregon, and the Sandwich Islands. By CHARLES NORDHOFF, Author of "California: for Health, Pleasure, and Residence," &c., &c. Profusely Illustrated. 8vo, Cloth, $2 50.

Dio Lewis's Five-Minute Chats with Young Women.
Five-Minute Chats with Young Women, and Certain Other Parties. By DIO LEWIS, Author of "Our Girls," &c. 12mo, Cloth, $1 50.

THE TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD.

THE notion of the transfusion of blood from one individual to another dates back to an early period, but no very reliable information that it was ever practically tested seems to present itself until the middle of the seventeenth century. At that time the possibility of the operation was suggested by Sir CHRISTOPHER WREN in a communication which he made to the Royal Society of London. Drs. LOWER and DENYS became interested in the operation of transfusion, and commenced in all earnestness a series of experiments on animals. At Paris, in 1667, the first operation upon the human subject was made by DENYS, and was a success. Subsequently LOWER and KING performed it a number of times in England, and in every case transfusion was followed by recovery. The results of these operations gave rise to the idea that now a remedy was found to renovate the human species. But in the course of a year several mishaps occurred which tended to discourage the friends of the operation. As in all these cases, successful or otherwise, the blood of animals was used, the opponents of the operation began to speak of the lowering of mankind, ascribing the honor of the invention to the devil. Transfusion was brought into bad repute, and finally was interdicted by law, except when the Faculty of Paris granted permission for the operation to be performed.

Eventually this operation, on which people had built such high hopes, fell into disuse in all parts of the world; indeed, it was hardly known any more by name even to physiologists. In 1685 it was revived. No attempt, however, was made to resort to this operation for the purpose of restoring life in desperate cases until 1824, when JAMES BLUNDELL, of London, was the first to perform the operation with success upon the human subject with human blood. He then made in succession three more successful transfusions. In several cases of post-partem hemorrhage transfusion was performed. Although there was a marked improvement in the action of the heart and the respiration, the life of but one patient was saved. Transfusion in all these cases was indirect. Active investigation was made by various German physiologists in regard to the subject; but while the principle was recognized that blood could coagulate within the vessels, and was probably the cause of death, the true explanation was not understood.

Later it was scientifically shown that for transfusion on man only human blood, and that defibrinated, should be used; consequently, subsequent experimenters were in the practice of separating the fibrin from the blood by stirring it briskly, or whipping it with a thin rod.

At the present day the ordinary transfusion syringe or aspirator has been superseded by new instruments with appropriate needles, canulas, and tubing for direct transfusion. In this operation the blood undergoes no defibrination, with the attendant loss of its nutritive and stimulating properties; much valuable time is thus gained, in cases where the stimulus of healthy blood is needed at once to restore a patient to life.

In the case of the young woman represented in the illustration on page 570, the aspirator used for transfusion is constructed in such a manner that no amount of air can by any possibility enter the veins. This most happy result is obtained by a careful arrangement of its several valves through which the blood flows before being admitted into the new organization which it is to restore.

The vital fluid is sent into a cup from the veins of the donor who volunteers for the service. This blood is collected in the inferior part of the instrument, whence it is pumped by a small piston worked by a handle. It is then forced, in close imitation of nature, through a canula which has been inserted into the veins of the patient. To prevent the tendency to coagulation the instrument must first be immersed in a basin of tepid water. By constructing the tubes of gold, a precaution taken by Dr. BETIER, a great degree of heat is given and sustained, thus rendering the operation a more certain success.

Previous to the insertion of the canula the apparatus is put in working order and filled with blood. All air is thus effectually expelled. Owing to these preliminaries a quantity of blood is necessarily lost. Of the three ounces of blood taken from the veins of Dr. STRAUSS, only about one ounce was forced into the veins of the patient. But this quantity proved sufficient to insure recovery in a case which had been pronounced hopeless.

The young woman represented in the illustration is a servant, twenty-two years of age, who had fallen into a condition of extreme exhaustion incident to hemorrhage and overwork. Transfusion was proposed, and performed a short time since at the Hôpital de la Pitié, at Paris, by Dr. BETIER, one of the most popular surgeons of Paris. Dr. STRAUSS offered his arm for the operation. The small transfusion introduced into her veins acted as a stimulus, and restoration was established. In less than seven weeks she was able to resume her ordinary occupation.

In this case Dr. LOUVILLE made microscopic analyses to test the efficacy of transfusion, and says that millions of globules formed with the greatest rapidity in the invigorated organism from the time of admission to the day of recovery.

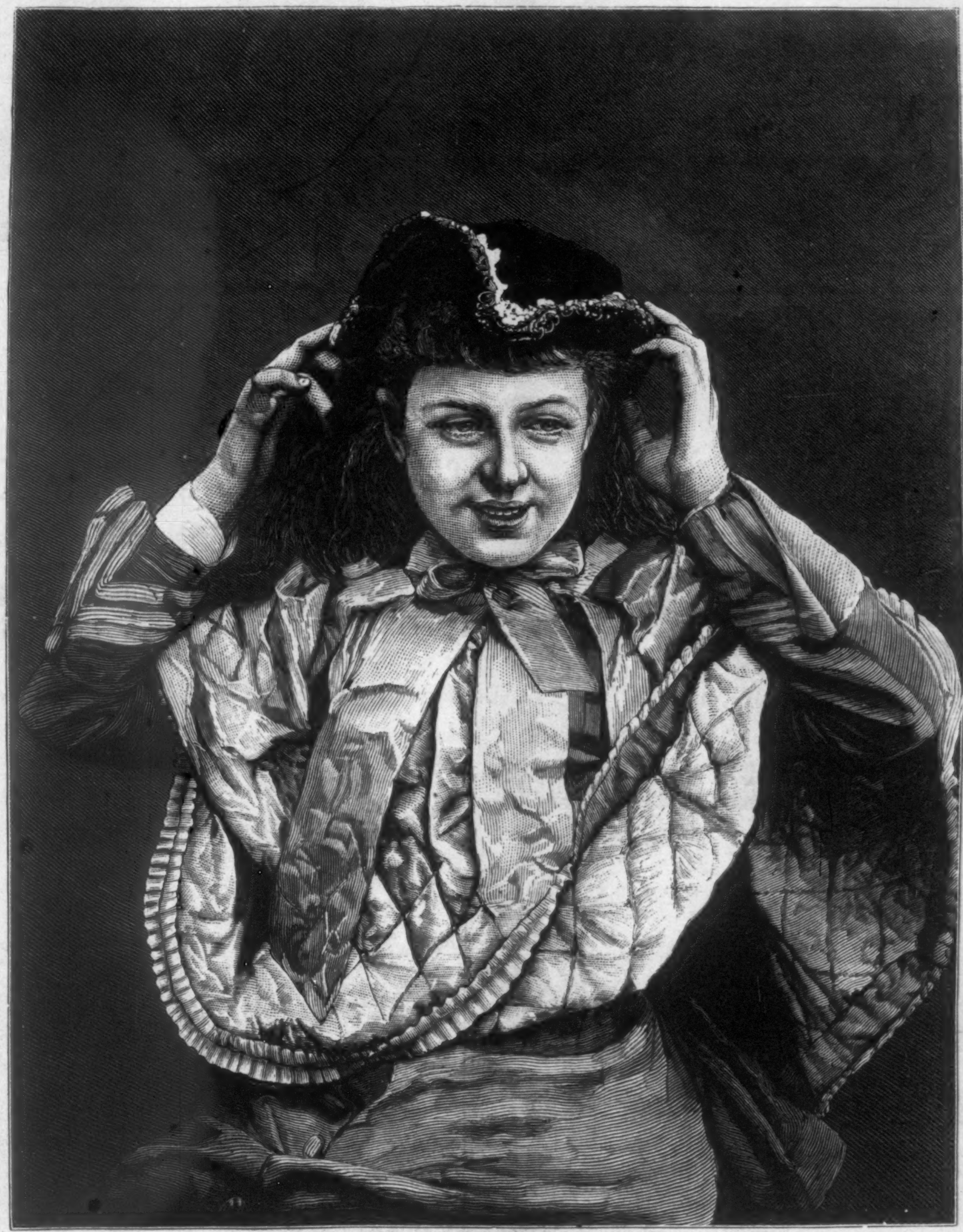
Certainly transfusion could be used largely on the field, where so many soldiers die from accidental hemorrhage. Although blood from amputation might be collected, it would doubtless be altogether a very poor expedient. This discovery would not be really useful on a large scale, except in the Ashantee kingdom, where the veins of the hare may be drained to the last drop and introduced into the circulatory system of the grandees.

The subject of transfusion between animals of one species to animals of another species has recently been investigated by physiologists. A series of experiments in that direction has clearly proven that only small quantities of blood can be safely transfused from certain inferior animals into the circulation of the human system. It is doubtful, then, if the blood of horses, oxen, sheep, and pigs can ever be utilized for mankind, as some physiologists propose. In all cases where the blood of an animal having oval corpuscles was introduced into an animal whose blood contained round corpuscles death has followed, which fully establishes the fact that any considerable quantity of blood can not be transferred from one species to another with success.

The simplest operation of transfusion is performed by establishing communication between two animals of the same species in such a manner that the artery of the vigorous animal pumps blood into the system of the dying animal. This operation is a common one with physiologists, and attended almost always with success. It is, however, an experiment which is considered not practicable to be performed upon the human subject as a means of restoration.

In the New York *Medical Record* for last April may be found a very interesting paper on this important subject, by Dr. JOSEPH W. HOWE, visiting surgeon to Charity Hospital, in this city, containing an account of a simplified method of transfusion employed by him with the happiest results. In one instance a woman forty years of age, who had been an invalid for several years, was treated by him. Her pulse at the time was very weak, rapid, and irregular, and at times almost imperceptible. "I proceeded at once," says Dr. HOWE, "to perform transfusion, assisted by Drs. JOHN H. RIPLEY and LEROY M. YALE, visiting surgeons to the hospital. I abstracted by means of the aspirator four ounces of blood from the median basilic vein of a healthy man. Two days before I had taken eight ounces from the same individual. I made the second opening in the vein a quarter of an inch below the first. The latter had healed a few hours after the operation, and at the second transfusion was scarcely perceptible. The blood thus obtained was injected into the cephalic vein of the patient. In a few moments she expressed herself as feeling better. There was an immediate and marked improvement in the volume and force of the pulse. This was so perceptible as to be noticed by all present, and prevented me from transferring any more blood......The next morning I found her pulse still improving, and her general condition excellent. She spoke in a clear voice, and stated that she could think clearly and remember all her sickness, which she could not do before the operation."

Dr. HOWE states that the patient regained her strength and recovered. He does not affirm that she would have died if the transfusion had not been made. There is, however, no doubt that the addition of four ounces of blood to her depleted system gave her the stimulus needed, produced an almost instantaneous change for the better in her general condition, and hastened her recovery.

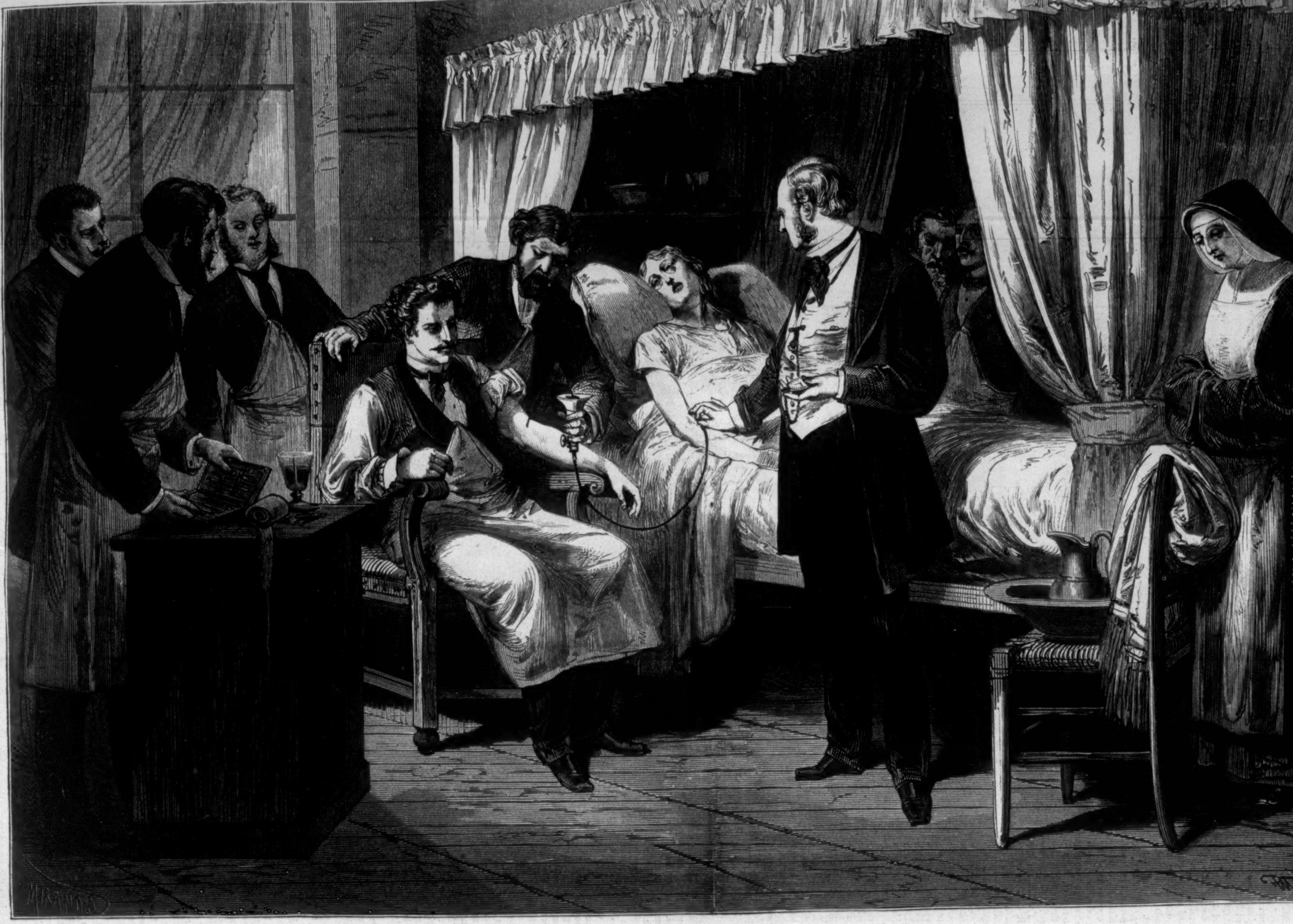


PREPARING FOR THE MASQUERADE.—[FROM A PHOTOGRAPH.]

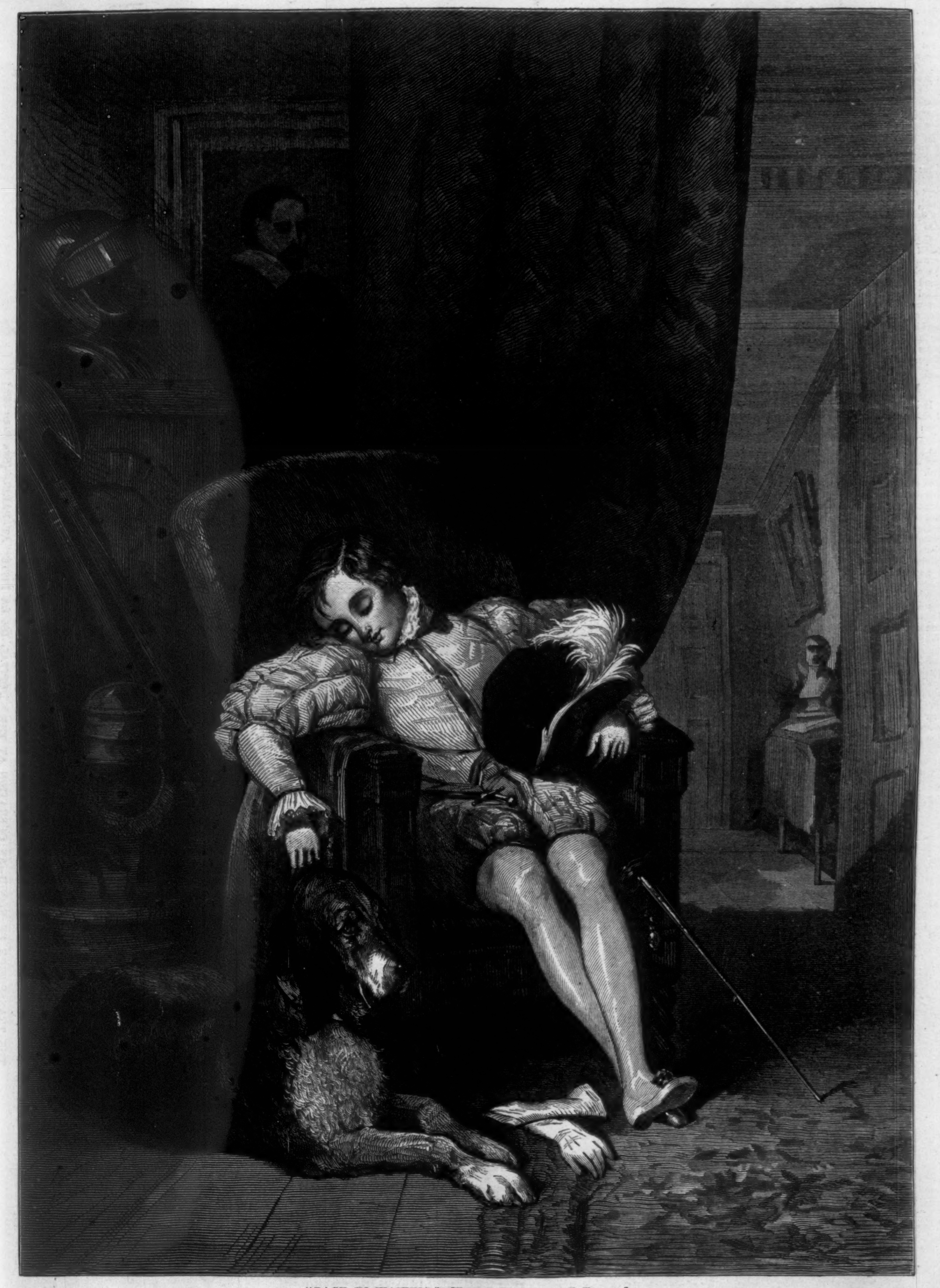
REMARKABLE MEMORIES.

INSTANCES of remarkable memory, generally supposed to be assisted by mnemotechny, have been given from the time of Cicero, who concludes that memory is not therefore of the heart, blood, brain, or atoms; whether of air or fire he is not, like the rest, ashamed to say he is ignorant; he undertakes, however, to swear that it is divine, having regard to such men as Cineas, the embassador of Pyrrhus, who saluted the senate and all the people by their names the second day after his arrival at Rome; of Theodectes, the disciple of Aristotle; and of Hortensius, a man of his own time. We have most of us heard of Joseph Scaliger, who learned the twice twenty-four books of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* in three weeks; of Avicenna, who repeated by heart the whole of the Koran at the age of ten; of Lipsius, who was willing to recite the histories of Tacitus word for word, giving any one leave to plunge a dagger into his body if he made a mistake; of the youth of Corsica of good appearance, mentioned by Muretus, who recited all the barbarous words the latter had written till he was tired of writing, and stopped at last, as it was necessary to stop somewhere; of Frances Suarez, who, after the witness of Strada, could quote the whole of Augustine.

We might extend this paper far beyond its normal dimensions by mention of such names as Jedediah Buxton, who could by some strange mnemotechny of his own, multiply thirty-nine figures by thirty-nine without paper, and amused himself when at the theatre by a compilation of the words used by Garrick, and at another time by that of the pots of beer drank during twelve years of his life; of Zerah Colburn, a mere child, who could tell the number of seconds in fifty-eight years in less time than the question could be written down; or of that prodigy of parts, Pascal, who is said to have forgotten nothing thought, read, or done during his rational age.



THE TRANSFUSION OF BLOOD—AN OPERATION AT THE "HÔPITAL DE LA PITIÉ," AT PARIS.—[SEE PAGE 569.]



"PAGE IN WAITING."—[From a Painting by F. Taylor.]

"PAGE IN WAITING."

In the days of old romance and chivalry the page played a very important part. He was often a youth of noble birth in the service of some fair lady of high degree, and if not himself her lover, he was her trusted confidant and messenger in all delicate affairs. It was his duty and delight to sing and play for her when she wished to be amused, and to celebrate her charms in graceful verse; and to him she could impart the most secret joys or sorrows, secure of a sympathetic listener. Many of the most beautiful of the old English ballads and the most graceful compositions of the minne-singers turn on the romantic attachment of the page to his mistress, his tender and affectionate loyalty, or his more ardent passion. Lovers of old English poetry will recall many instances of this character.

One of the most interesting pages in poetry is Shakspeare's Viola, in *Twelfth Night*, who dressed in man's attire in order to be admitted to the service of the Duke of Illyria, with whom she was in love. This was reversing the ordinary course of things. Mazeppa was the page-lover of his mistress, and was punished for his presumption by being bound to a wild horse and sent off on that terrible ride across the wilderness, so vividly described in Byron's celebrated poem. In several of the best-known operas, such as the *Huguenots*, *Lucrezia Borgia*, and the *Ballo en Maschera*, the page is an important character. Other instances, not only in operatic compositions, but in ballads and romances, will occur readily to our readers.

The page of more recent times is a less romantic character. A noble-born page of the last century, Charles-Alexander-Francis-Felix, Count d'Hézecques, who at the age of twelve years was admitted among the pages of Louis XVI. of France, has left a very interesting account of page life at court. When the count arrived at Versailles he found no less than one hundred and fifty-seven other pages, be-